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HUSTLER

LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

APRIL 2008 VOLUME 34 NUMBER 11

HustlerWorld.com

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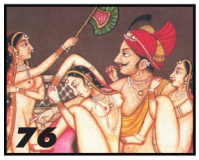

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Cover photo by Hicksphoto

WHAT I WANT TO HEAR FROM MY CANDIDATE

This coming November, I want the Presidential candidate I vote for to pledge to restore the Constitution and safeguard all our freedoms—with no exceptions. I want my candidate to vow, unequivocally, to repeal the USA PATRIOT Act. Cruel and unusual punishment, such as torture, must be banned. Habeas corpus must be restored. Warrantless spying on American citizens must be abolished. Finally, any attempt by the President to bypass Congressional oversight via executive orders and signing statements must be prohibited.

America without the full force of the Constitution is no longer America. A candidate who does not respect the foundation of our country does not deserve my vote or yours.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

◀ HAVE A BALL

Isn't it time you gave your iPod some balls? The **2.1 Stereo Orb** from Mstation is a made-for-iPod docking station/speaker system with amazing bass and a dedicated subwoofer. The unit features superb sound and a ten-key remote that allows you to control both volume and all your MP3 player's features from a distance. The compact and stylish unit is just 8 inches in diameter, making it the perfect speaker for your office, apartment or dorm room. Better yet, get one for your girl. You know how she loves balls.

Available at ***Mstation.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.95.

Enter to win a free Mstation **2.1 Stereo Orb** speaker. See details below!

◀ INTO HEAD

Looking for an alternative to those flimsy white ear buds? Then opt for the **Aurvana X-Fi Noise Canceling Headphones** from Creative, the first such set to feature the award-winning X-Fi Xtreme fidelity audio technology. Utilizing algorithms to enhance audio playback, these headphones improve digital audio sound by restoring the highs and lows lost during MP3 compression.

In plain English: The great-looking **Aurvana X-Fi** wireless headphones, which run for up to nine hours on two AAA batteries, deliver a virtual surround sound that is absolutely incredible.

Available at ***US.creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

LACK OF DIRECTION? ▶

Already a proven name in the world of navigation products and software, Navigon has now stepped out and launched its own line of GPS systems. The best of the bunch is the **Navigon 7100 GPS**, which has it all: subscription-free real time traffic; a 4.3-inch, full-color touchscreen that shows a 3-D realistic view of the road; and five destination guides full of Zagat-rated hotels, resorts, restaurants, golf courses and clubs in over 70 U.S. cities. And there's the extra feature of Text-To-Speech, which offers clearly spoken driving directions and street names. You'll never get lost again, no matter how hard you try.

Available at ***Navigon.com***. Suggested retail price: $649.99.

THE TABLES HAVE TURNED ▶

Hey, vinyl junkie! Yes, you with those crates of old records destined to never be on CD. We know you've heard about USB turntables that will allow you to convert all your old tunes into digital files. Maybe they were too expensive or you didn't have the room. Well, now you have no excuse. Weighing just a few pounds, the **Portable USB Turntable** not only lets you transfer your vinyl collection directly to a computer in one easy step, but it is also compact, so you can store the device easily and bring it anywhere. So get to work. That copy of Peter Wolf's *Lights Out* isn't going to transfer itself.

Available at ***Firebox.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.95.

ORB SPEAKER BALL CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Time for you to get some balls! Or at least one ball—the 2.1 Stereo Orb from Mstation. To get the chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, age and signature on a postcard) and send it to *Orb Speaker Giveaway*, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Name (print)_____

Signature_____

Address_____

City_____

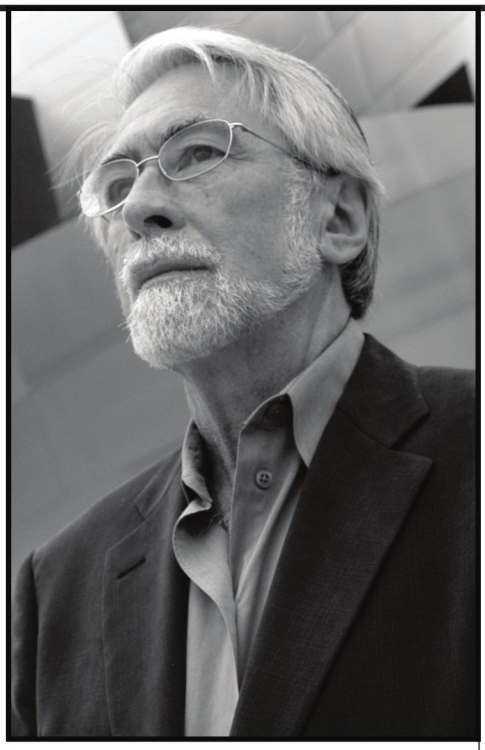
State_____ Zip Code_____

E-mail Address_____ Age_____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by April 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGAIN

War with Iran is possible as long as powerful forces favor chaos in the Middle East.



IT IS TERRIFYING TO THINK that the Bush Administration, already the most feckless in American history, is trying to save the worst for last. Hyperbole? Not at all. This is, after all, the regime that allowed 9/11, ruined the economy, made the world hate us and has launched two bloody and costly quagmires—and counting.

Yes, counting, because whether we want to believe it or not, the President—with approval ratings lower than a gangsta rapper's drawers—is still in the thrall of Dick Cheney and a coterie of truly insane neoconservative foreign policy adventurists who want to bomb the crap out of Iran in order to intentionally throw more gasoline on the Middle East inferno. According to leaking insiders and investigative reporters, Bush and Cheney don't care what kind of damage they do to the Republican Party's electoral future because they believe they are on a God-given mission.

Depressingly, the Democratic Party-controlled Senate has already given these *Apocalypto* nutjobs plenty of room to attack Iran, which seems to be their numero uno target because it is uppity and has a longstanding policy of hating this country. In September 2007 the Senate passed the Kyl-Lieberman amendment, an extremist document that says the U.S. should use its power—including "military instruments"—to confront the "destabilizing influence" of those "global terrorists" in Iran.

In other words, this is déjà vu all over again. As with the now-infamous drumbeat build-up to the Iraq invasion, we continue to see the same unholy alliance—the Christian Right, the neoconservative "intellectuals" and the bipartisan Israel lobby—forming to pave the way to a war that will make the past four years in Mesopotamia look like, yes, a *cakewalk*.

Once again, we are hearing a modestly powerful country that won't kowtow to the U.S. described as the second coming of Nazi Germany. Once again, we are hearing how easy it will be to manipulate a far-off nation Americans know next to nothing about. Once again, powerful Democrats like Presidential-race frontrunner Hillary Clinton are talking even tougher than the President, whether out of obeisance to the Israel lobby or just to cynically fend off the dreaded "wimp" label.

Most egregious, however, is how the war brigade is again devaluing the global priority of keeping a lid on nuclear weapons. By wildly exaggerating the danger of Iran developing nukes, just as it did with Iraq, they make a mockery of international attempts to limit their spread. Even the publication of the National Intelligence Estimate—which negated every bellicose lie Bush had told about Iran and its nonexistent nuclear weapons program—did not stave the saber-rattling.

This is, in fact, a three-card-monte-style sleight of hand: The Bush Administration, along with its predecessors, allowed the friendly neighborhood dictators in Pakistan to not only swell their arsenal of world-destroyers, but also—through the agency of its top nuke scientist—to sell the technology to create them to unstable regimes, including North Korea. This outrage, unparalleled in history, was glossed over by the White House after it came to light because Pakistan is supposedly a helpful ally in fighting al Qaeda.

If your head is spinning with all these details of countries you've never been to and will never visit, you're not alone. However, those powerful forces that have an interest—whether financial, political or religious—in leading America into yet another war are counting on us throwing up our hands and letting them go to it out of ignorance or impotence. As with Iraq, we might even blindly rally around the flag while the initial "shock and awe" phase of attack seems to simply solve with precision technology what humans can't or won't with messy diplomacy.

Don't be fooled, though. The day after we drop a few billion dollars worth of munitions on all those "high-priority" targets, we will now have pissed off the *other* half of the Islamic world—the Shiites. These are the folks whose self-interest is keeping Iraq from becoming even uglier (yes, it's possible), and they have close access to our troops. And if Iran responds to an attack by trying to cut off the flow of oil from the Straits of Hormuz, it might be rather soon after that the U.S. is in a land war against a very patriotic people used to conflict and hardship. A final wild card is that Russian czar Vladimir Putin has made it clear his nation would consider an attack on Iran totally unacceptable.

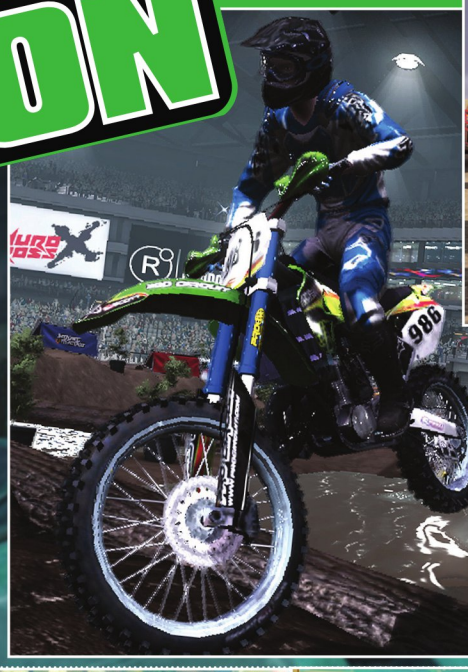
To understand why an invasion of Iran—tragic as it would be—is quite possible, we have to remember that we don't all share the same goals. In this case, while most sane people want global peace, stability and prosperity, the neoconservatives, pro-Israel lobby, extremist Christians and the military-industrial complex share a great desire in creating enduring chaos in the Middle East.

Arrayed against these warmongers are Wall Street, those generals who see the military has been overtaxed and misused, and an American public skeptical of these increasingly unrewarding "foreign entanglements," to use the words of George Washington. Will it be enough to prevent what could turn into World War III? One would hope so, but the record of the past seven years tells us otherwise.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the Los Angeles Times, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of Ramparts magazine. Now editor of ***TruthDig.com****, Scheer has written six hard-hitting books, notably Thinking Tuna Fish, Talking Death: Essays on the Pornography of Power and Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush.*

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT



Do It in the Dirt

MX Vs ATV Untamed

Manufacturer: THQ

Format: PS3, Xbox 360, PS2, Wii & DS

Shift your gameplay into high gear as the best-selling off-road franchise returns all revved up for every format and console. You really feel like you're motoring through each of the eight unique racing series, including Endurocross, Supercross and Freestyle. Choose one of the dozens of vehicles (ATVs, motorbikes, monster trucks or trophy trucks) or assemble your own bike. Get down and dirty. It's time to ride.

Ratchet It Up

Ratchet & Clank Future: Tools of Destruction

Manufacturer: Sony

Format: PS3

The popular ***Ratchet & Clank*** series gets a kickass makeover for the PS3 console. Join the dynamic duo on an intergalactic adventure with epic storylines and the most amazing and detailed graphics ever seen in an *R&C* game. You get to choose from an arsenal of 15 weapons—eight of which can be used only one time per game—and play 19 mind-boggling levels stretched over 15 planets. It's time for you and your robot pal to save the universe yet again.

What the Folk?!

Folklore

Manufacturer: Sony

Format: PS3

Developed exclusively for the PS3, this dark fantasy game blurs the lines between reality and dreams. Travel to the realm of the Netherworld and go on a journey of discovery that leads you through tasks, fights and out-of-body experiences. ***Folklore*** features more than 100 detailed and stylishly rendered characters that come with their own special powers and modes of attack. Wake up and fight. This is not a dream!

Chasing the Dragon

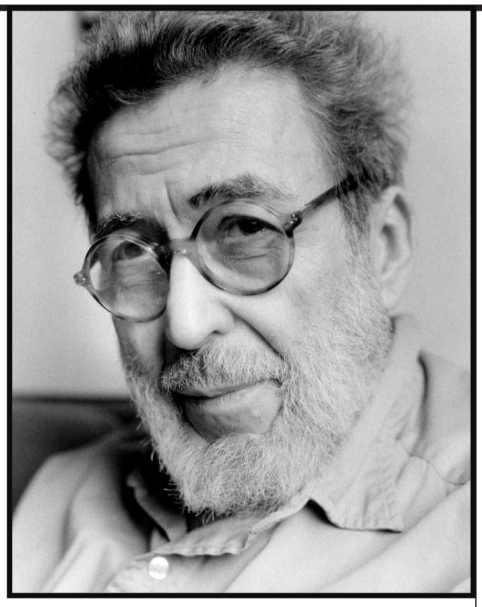
Lair

Manufacturer: Sony

Format: PS3

You are the warrior Rohn, fighting your way through a world annihilated by conflict and natural disasters. It is your mission to destroy and scorch thousands of Mokia enemy troops and war beasts to save your society. Did we mention you get to do all this while riding on a giant dragon? ***Lair*** features brilliant environments, awesome battles in the air and on the ground, and lots of bloody gore. Plus, you get to ride a dragon! Oh, yeah, we mentioned that.

SHARING THE PATRIOT ACT WITH PAKISTAN



WHILE OUR PRESIDENT is convinced that when national security is endangered, he has the authority to secretly ignore Congress and the courts, Pakistan's President Pervez Musharraf has a more robust view of imperial power.

After declaring emergency rule, he simply suspended his country's Constitution. Dick Cheney wouldn't go that far, but in the wee small hours, he might fantasize of this ultimate elevation for his commander in chief. However, Bush and Cheney have certainly immobilized certain parts of our Constitution.

It was further sobering when Musharraf—to whom we have given billions as our ally in the war on terrorism—prevented his chief political opponent, Benazir Bhutto, from going anywhere by erecting three steel-and-barbed-wire fences around her home and also placed the Chief Justice of Pakistan's Supreme Court under house arrest.

Hearing murmurs of discontent at these dictatorial actions from the White House—but no pledges of cutting off U.S. funds to Pakistan—Musharraf also amended the Army Act of 1952, instituting some measures with overtones of Bush-Cheney revisions of America's rule of law.

The November 9, 2007, *Daily Times* in Lahore, Pakistan—continually courageous in illuminating Musharraf's omnivorous power grabs—reported that he is likely to soon "issue an ordinance allowing military courts to prosecute terrorists…and also prosecute any civilian suspected of subversive activity." (Could he have been consulting the then-Republican-controlled Congress's Military Commission Act of 2006, which put in peril not only legal immigrants in the United States, but also American citizens charged—outside our courts—with providing "material support" to the enemy, among other subversive activities?)

The *Daily Times* also reported that Pakistan's attorney general, Malik Mohammad Qayyum, "said the new ordinance…necessary for protecting the sovereignty of the country…would be similar to the United States PATRIOT Act," which the Bush Administration rushed through Congress soon after 9/11 and which began the diminishing of the Bill of Rights.

Not only would the new amendment to Pakistan's Army Act dispense with arrest warrants in prosecuting suspected terrorists, but it would also—in another bow to the antiterrorism ingenuity of Bush and Cheney—authorize those arrested as alleged terrorists to be "shifted to an unknown location [and] not have to be presented before any court of law."

This, of course, is a form of tribute to extraordinary rendition: the CIA's kidnapping of purported enemies of the nation and locked out of sight in CIA secret prisons—or "black sites" as they are called by the Bush Administration.

As long as Musharraf remains in unrestrained power, there will be untold numbers of missing Pakistanis. As the *Daily Times* notes: "The families of the missing persons could not ask the courts to force law-enforcement agencies to produce suspected terrorists."

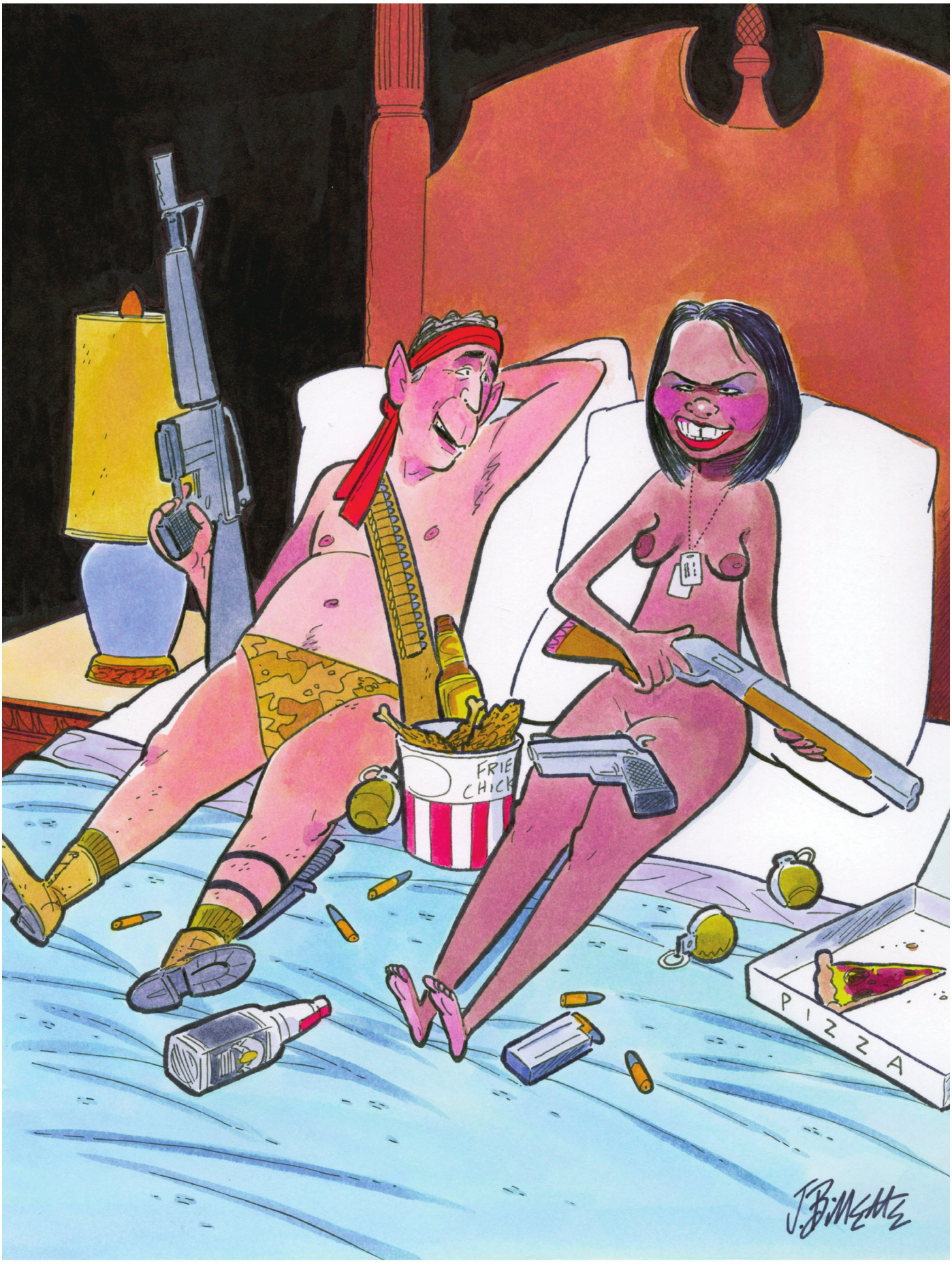
Pakistan has never had our guarantee of habeas corpus, mandating the government to prove in court the lawfulness of prisoners being locked up. Under Musharraf's reign, the government can deep-six political antagonists who endanger his interpretation of national security without the inconvenience of getting approval of any government institution other than his kingly self. But once again, Musharraf can cite a comparable United States practice: the denial of habeas at Guantanamo.

Once upon a time, the United States was a dreamland of freedom and justice to those around the world who had no hope of actually experiencing liberation from their own Musharrafs. But now, with America degraded even in relatively free countries during these years of what Dick Cheney approvingly called necessary "dark arts" to overcome homicidal jihadists, we have indeed become this kind of comfort to our enemies. They use our reputation for torture of prisoners, and other war crimes, as an effective recruiting tool for future terrorists.

When, in September 2007, Bush—addressing the United Nations General Assembly—blasted Iran, Syria, North Korea and Belarus for "denying their people fundamental rights," one of the world's most despicable tyrants, Zimbabwe's Robert Mugabe, happily seized the occasion to say to the General Assembly that Bush "has much to atone for, and little to lecture us on Universal Declaration of Human Rights."

If our President were not so tone-deaf as to why we are no longer a shining light to the world, he could at least tell Musharraf—a convert to the Central Intelligence Agency's "renditions"—to start kidnapping those al Qaeda plotters in the badlands of his country—areas that not even our fierce Army Special Forces and CIA have been able to penetrate. Then the President could send the rounded-up detainees to be "coercively" interrogated in his secret prisons by visitors from the CIA. This act of extralegal partnership could lead to America sending Musharraf more funds in the interest of two allies' mutual national security needs.

Nat Hentoff is a historian, jazz critic and columnist for the Village Voice, Legal Times, Washington Times, The Progressive, Editor & Publisher, Free Inquiry and Jewish World Review. His incisive books include The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights; Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee; The War on the Bill of Rights; The Gathering Resistance; and, the very latest, Is This America?



"Oh, Condi, the First Lady will never understand me the way you do!"

Heterophobe

I noticed that in the March '05 issue there was a letter from U.S. Senator Larry Craig proclaiming that he didn't want to receive any more copies of HUSTLER. And he was getting them for free! That just further confirms my opinion that he is, in fact, gay. **—Wyatt H.**
St. Joseph, Minnesota

Two years after Craig's *Feedback* letter, we exposed his same-sex ways in our April '07 *Asshole of the Month* column. At the same time, the Idaho Republican was being arrested for lewd behavior in a Minneapolis airport men's room!

Gold Rush

Bag Lady Sue here. I've been getting calls from Anchorage, Alaska, where I'll be performing at several clubs in the area. The callers all said they can't find a copy of the Holiday '07 HUSTLER anywhere. I asked store clerks about this, and they said it's because they sold out! Everyone is telling me that the article [*Bag Lady Sue Unveiled*] is beyond perfection! Even my mother went over the top on how classy it was. Thank you 1,000 times!

—Suzanne Austin
a/k/a Bag Lady Sue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Got Truth?

Thanks for printing Paul Craig Roberts's latest article [*Impeach Now!*, January '08]. All across America, people are waking up to the fact that false-flag terrorism is a reality.

Roberts is just one of many credible people who have questioned the official story about 9/11. More and more engineers, architects, pilots and distinguished scholars are banding together to dispute the impossible physics of the government's claims. People should go to sites like **PatriotsQuestion911.com** and **AE911Truth.org** to find out for themselves.

Also, now out on DVD are some great new films—such as *Loose Change Final Cut* and *Zeitgeist*—that are packed with information the government doesn't want you to know. It's no wonder Congress and Homeland Security—unwilling to address the evidence—are holding hearings about how they can shut down 9/11 conspiracy sites by branding them as tools for terrorists. The government's only option is to silence the messengers. The truth itself is becoming an enemy of the state. **—Peter Holmes**
San Diego, California

The hearings were tied to the bill H.R. 1955: Violent Radicalization and Homegrown Terrorism Prevention Act of 2007, which deems the Internet a means of aiding terrorism. The bill has raised concerns that the government is seeking to shut down online free speech and dissent.

Weasel Corps

The dictionary should define *Republican* as "douchebag." I was just reading that State Department foreign-service employees are pissing and moaning because they might be sent to Iraq. In their eyes it's all fine and dandy to send our soldiers over to get killed in that sewer, but when their own asses are on the line, they sing a different tune.

Bottom line: If you can't handle the job, quit. If it's too dangerous for you, get our troops the fuck out of there! They have families too! But they don't have the option to whine about when and where they serve; an order is an order.

As if that bullshit war wasn't bad enough, vets can look forward to the royal mess called the Veterans Administration healthcare system. I am currently an outpatient at North Chicago V.A., and they're not even trying to treat my hepatitis C. They're just waiting for me to die.

As a former Marine, it makes me wonder if semper fi doesn't mean "totally fucked." To those who serve, come home safe, so you can vote the warmongers out on their asses.

—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

We agree with your sentiments, Mr. Podsada, but keep in mind that America's foreign-service employees are career diplomats, not all of whom are Republican.

Featured in January '08, all-natural Nevaeh (left) and Charlie Laine are perfect arguments for ending the Age of Silicone.

Perfect Pair

Stop filling *Girls of MySpace* with breast implants! Alisha [January '08] says it's "kinda weird when old classmates drop in and see me naked," but look at her fake, plastic body. Her body is lying! Also, I'm drunk, but that's not the issue.

Now look at the following photo-spread, *Nevaeh & Charlie Laine: Get Your Licks In*. Two women with beautiful, small, *real* breasts. That is the kind of layout you should focus on. Fake breasts are a medical mistake! Please dig a little deeper into MySpace, and you'll find natural beauties whom I'm sure, with your skills, you can talk into posing nude.

By the way, your political articles kick ass! You're so much better now than you were in the '90s. Good work!

—M.P.
New York, New York

Porn Valley CSI

Something's not right with the recent passing of porn star Haley Paige. I've seen nothing but rumors and conflicting reports about her death and that of director Chico Wang. Haley was perhaps a troubled girl and maybe a drug addict, but she graced a number of your pictorials and videos, and her death deserves a fair and honest account. Please get to the bottom of this tragedy with the professionalism that we've come to expect from HUSTLER.

—Gary Smith
Farmingdale, New York

As it happens, one of our crack Porn Valley reporters is working on the shocking Haley Paige story. Watch for it in an upcoming issue!

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

THE GAP

No Sweat! (Anymore)

Your place for stylish, comfortable and affordable clothes.

We want you to know that we had NO IDEA that one of our subcontracted sweatshops in New Delhi, India, was employing kids (some as young as eight) to work 12 hours a day in cramped, squalid and dirty conditions for around 30 cents a day. Once we got caught, we stopped using them.

That's the last time we will ever use a subcontracted child-labor sweatshop. We learned our lesson this time. Of course, we also learned our lesson when we got caught in Cambodia, El Salvador, Mexico, Indonesia and Bangladesh. But this time we are going to do something about it. Honest.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on the American clothing giant that has once again been found guilty of using kids in slave conditions to make its merchandise. For more info, check out **GlobalMarch.org**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Shown here are actual child laborers freed from Gap's subcontracted sweatshop in New Delhi.

Nancy Pelosi

Political power is as useful to Nancy Pelosi as stiletto-heeled boots are to a double amputee. To date, the California Democrat's primary accomplishment as Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives: rolling over on her back like a two-dollar whore.

Pelosi was elected Speaker after the war hawks got their asses handed to them in the 2006 midterm elections. Voters gave the boot to Bush-sucking politicos, and the Democrats won both houses of Congress in a clear rebuke to the Bush/Cheney war. Nancy Pelosi became the new face of the majority.

The Speaker of the House wields incredible power, and Pelosi's predecessors used it like a club: the corrupt Tom DeLay, the hypocritical Newt Gingrich, red-nosed Tip O'Neill. You might *think* the first woman in U.S. history to occupy that seat would speak out and say *something*. What has this "speaker" spoken? The silence is deafening.

Before the 2006 elections, Pelosi declared, "Impeachment is off the table." And why? She explained: "It's a waste of time. Wouldn't [Republicans] just love it if we came in…after 12 years…to talk about George Bush and Dick Cheney. Making them lame ducks is good enough for me."

Good enough?! Madame Speaker, you blazing sack of silly shit, you handed these people a "Get Out of Jail Free" card and gave them a free ride for the next *two years!* Ms. Pelosi, why do you think Bush's lame-duck status means diddly-squat to him? He doesn't care what happens after he leaves office. Does a dog use a pooper-scooper to pick up its own poop?

Do you have any fucking clue how much trouble these people can cause between now and the next election, or how many illegal wars they can start on trumped-up "intelligence"?

Bush and his deluded crew have already begun one war and occupation that will linger—in the estimation of some U.S. generals—for decades. Can you not see the crazed eyes of Republicans focused on Iran, their fingers already massaging the nuclear trigger?

Or have you been too busy raising funds through political action committees? (We note, Madame Speaker, that one of your own fund-raising committees has been shut down for operating illegally.)

If there was ever, in the history of this nation, a resident of the White House who screamed to be impeached, it's George W. Bush—along with the rest of his surly gang of thugs.

Their collective crimes would fill a book: flouting the Constitution, illegal domestic spying, lying to the American people, kidnapping purported terrorists and slamming them into foreign-run torture prisons, war profiteering and on and on.

Bush has racked up more impeachable offenses than Andrew Johnson, Richard Nixon, Bill Clinton and Darth Vader combined. The threat of justifiable impeachment and removal from office are what just might shake some sense into the deluded Yale cowboy occupying the Oval Office and bankrupting the nation.

But that is not the worst of Pelosi's whoring. The bill H.R. 1955: Violent Radicalization and Homegrown Terrorism Prevention Act of 2007 is not only a clear threat to free speech and dissenting views, but also sharpens the President's power to declare *anyone* who disagrees with him a terrorist.

This alarmingly totalitarian legislation was rammed through the House of Representatives on Pelosi's watch—and with her approval. Her Web site stated that H.R. 1955 would stop such "dangerous" threats to freedom as "bomber" Christopher George Riendeau and the "potential al Qaeda-inspired cell" that planned to invade the Army base at Fort Lee, New Jersey.

Pay attention, you brainless Bay Area bimbo: The morons in the "al Qaeda-inspired cell" did not even know the configuration of Fort Lee—although any halfwit could have looked it up on Google. As for Riendeau, he was a disabled Army gun nut who was popped for possession of cocaine and pot, along with a cache of weapons and supposed bomb ingredients.

Five incompetent would-be jihadists and one drug-addled shit-kicker—and for *that* you'd sell out the Constitutional rights of 300 million Americans? Madame Speaker, you are as spineless as an earthworm on roofies.

Ms. Pelosi, you've won our contempt and the growing disgust of all Americans. Your voter-approval rating—once 5-to-1 in your favor—is now down to 2-to-1. You can win back that support if you just show some balls. Or at least some ovaries.

Farts in the Wind

• **SENATOR DIANNE FEINSTEIN** (D-California), like House Speaker Pelosi, rolled over like a possum to support Bush flunkie Michael "Waterboard" Mukasey as attorney general. A member of the Senate's Intelligence Committee, Feinstein had the opportunity to block Bush's new FISA amendments and prevent an expansion of warrantless surveillance. The alleged liberal did zip, nada, zilch. With good reason, Salon.com calls her "Bush's key ally in the Senate." Feinstein's husband, financier Richard Blum, has gotten much richer since her pro-war votes as chairperson of the Military Construction Appropriations Committee steered billions of dollars worth of contracts to hubby's companies, notably URS Corporation and Perini Corporation.

• **JERRY YANG**, Yahoo!'s CEO, sold a billion of his less-fortunate Asian brothers down the Internet river. Human lives clearly mean less to Yang than profits. Yahoo! is subject to strict censorship by the repressive government of China, which fears what the flow of online material could bring to the Communist nation. Although raised in the States, the Chinese-American Yang chose to bow to Beijing's masters and turn over confidential membership lists and information, leading to the imprisonment and torture of two pro-democracy journalists. Handed ten-year sentences, Wang Xiaoning and Shi Tao sued Yahoo!, which threw money at them to try to make the betrayal go away. May your venerated ancestors haunt your billion-dollar dreams, Yang.

"Yes, Senator Obama, but do you have enough Washington experience?!"

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Tera Patrick

Sunny Lane

Lynn LeMay

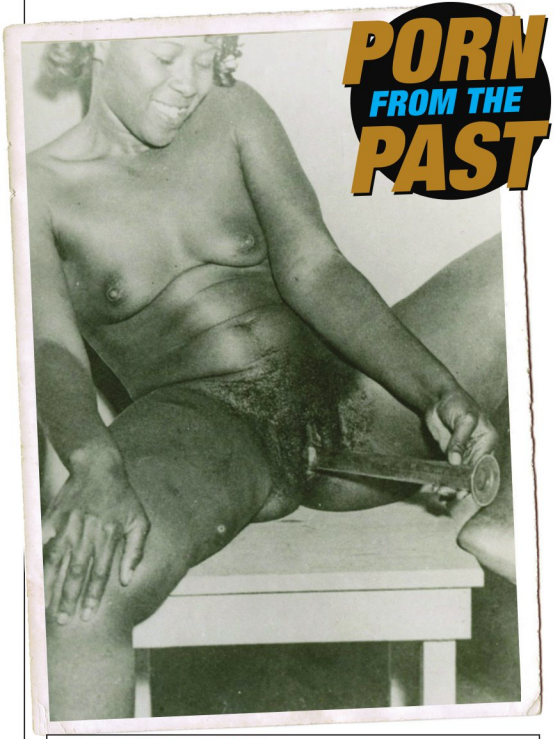
Lori Lust

ADULT BEHAVIOR

FOR MORE THAN A DOZEN YEARS, the Adultcon expo has packed the L.A. Convention Center with scantily clad porn stars and thousands of guys eager to give away their hard-earned cash. On hand for the latest installment was a bevy of blue-movie beauties, notably Tera Patrick, Lynn LeMay and the ever-present Sunny Lane, who picked up some sort of award for God knows what.

"The tragedy is when you've got sex in the head instead of down where it belongs."
—D.H. LAWRENCE, AUTHOR

PORN FROM THE PAST



THANKS AND $100 go to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this horny girl. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

BUCKY BEAVER'S April Fools' Prank #1

Trick a friend into believing that you got your girl pregnant. Once he believes you, let him know you knocked up his chick!

SLASH GIVEAWAY

Everybody loves HUSTLER, including Slash. Check out our Q&A with the guitar god, beginning on page 78. To get the chance to win an autographed copy of his book *Slash*, fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, age and signature on a postcard) and send it to Slash c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

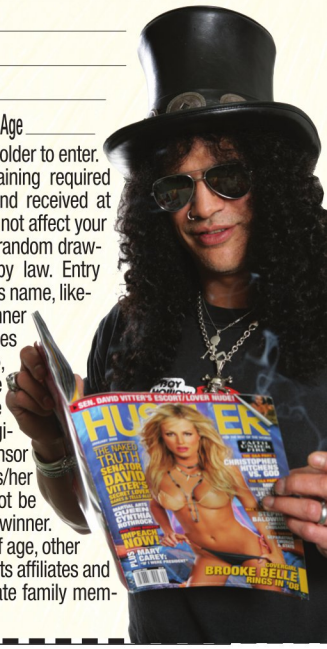
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

E-mail Address _____ Age _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by April 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Robin Givens LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

BECAUSE SHE IS BEAUTIFUL, Robin Givens gets away with being a raging bitch. The foxy actress can do whatever she wants (including castrating Mike Tyson) simply because she is hot. The time has come to put Givens in her place, and the only way to do that is to stick something in her mouth. Here's what we at HUSTLER think is the appropriate item.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Robin Givens actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. That goes for everyone except Mike Tyson. He can do whatever the fuck he wants with it.

"Sex between a man and a woman can be absolutely wonderful, provided you get between the right man and the right woman." —WOODY ALLEN, COMIC

NEWS BABES

THIS MONTH'S PICK IS BIANNA GOLODRYGA, who recently anchored CNBC's *Asia Market Watch*. The exotic beauty is so hot, we watched a show that would normally put us to sleep. Thanks to T.V. for submitting this exceptional talking head.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER's News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

BUCKY BEAVER'S April Fools' Prank #2

THAT'S A LAUGH!

WISH YOU COULD GET more of the HUSTLER cartoons and comics you dig? Pick up the latest issue of HUSTLER HUMOR Magazine, featuring a hilarious *Ratatouille* parody cover.

NEWSBITES

Nip Slip

A Florida resident has filed a million-dollar lawsuit against his neighbors after their Jack Russell terrier bit his left nipple. Why the man was shirtless, we have no idea. The plaintiff is seeking damages for medical expenses, loss of income, pain, disfigurement and loss of sexual comfort and desire. Wait! Is that loss of sexual comfort and desire for everyone, or only for canines? Bad dog!

Hong Kong Phooey

He may never eat Chinese again! A 46-year-old Hong Kong man suffered a 10-20% loss of vision recently when his longtime girlfriend thrust a chopstick into each of his orbs after suspecting him of cheating. The assailant, aged 58, is now spending six months in jail. This wasn't the first time the feisty woman gouged the guy. Six years ago she blinded his left eye by jabbing a finger into the socket. That poor sap must really be blinded by love.

Ice Ice Baby

This story may just remind you that it's time to clean out your fridge. Two sisters in the United Kingdom can't bear the thought of burying their mother, even though she died ten years ago. So the ladies pay a funeral parlor to keep Mum on ice and visit her every weekend. This procedure runs them roughly $40 a week, plus the cost of replacing rotting coffins. (Five so far, at four grand a pop!) Keeping your mother in a freezer for a whole decade? Man, that's cold.

Ball Buster

Wearing University of Texas garb in Oklahoma may cost you your life…or at least the risk of castration. It seems a Longhorns fan was attacked by an Oklahoma City bar patron for doing just that, and during the heated scuffle the UT supporter's scrotum was ripped wide open, causing him to need 60 stitches. A bar fight over team loyalty that ended up in a trip to the emergency room? That's fucking nuts!

Sign of the Times

EVERYONE KNOWS YOU don't stop in the XXX box. You drive forward a little bit, then back up, then drive forward again and then back up, eventually going in and out faster and faster until you blow a head gasket. After that you get the hell out of there as quickly as possible. Thanks to R.G. of Phoenix, Arizona.

If you spot a funny sign, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER's Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

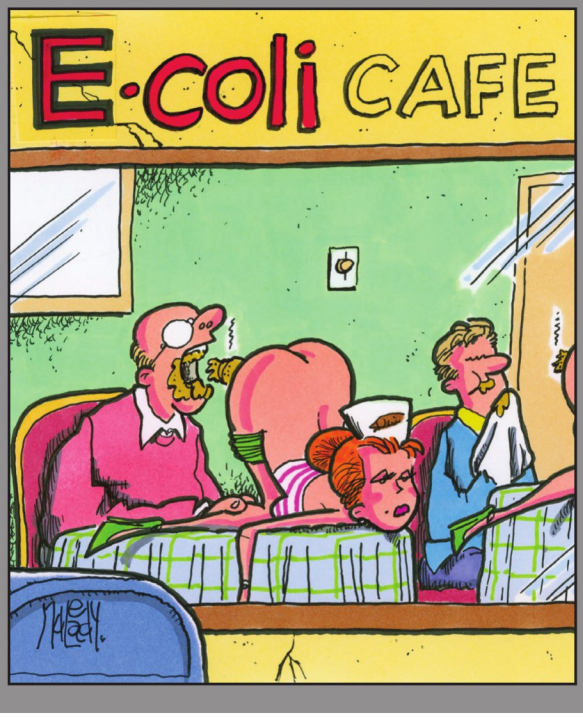
STICK IT TO JENNA

LOOKING FOR A NEW way to get your girl in bed? This isn't it. Jenna Jameson's "Stick It to Me" is a magnetic desktop dartboard packed with sexy suggestions from the queen of porn herself. The manufacturers say the game will help get your chick in the mood. We say try booze. Available at **IPartyHard.com**.

BUCKY BEAVER'S April Fools' Prank #3

Fill a paper bag with dog crap, place it in front of someone's door, set it on fire, ring the doorbell and run. The resident will stomp out the fire and drag crap all over his house. For more hilarity, fill the bag with horse, human or even giant beaver crap.

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



"Men are those creatures with two legs and eight hands." —JAYNE MANSFIELD, BLOND BOMBSHELL

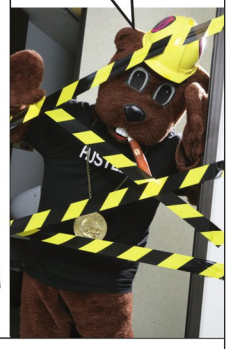
Table Dance

LOOKING TO DECORATE your bachelor pad with highly detailed erotic, futuristic and fantasy bronze statues or furniture? Who isn't?

The German company Fine Arts offers exclusive items that are sure to fascinate guests. Those new conversation pieces are waiting for you now at **FineArts-Exclusive.com**.

BUCKY BEAVER'S April Fools' Prank #4

Block off the door of your office building with caution tape and tell coworkers that the quiet guy down the hall went nuts and killed everyone inside. Then comfort your secretary at a local motel.



BURN RUBBER

Driving his HUSTLER TV-sponsored Pontiac Firebird, Paul Cambria—Larry Flynt's longtime attorney—was victorious in back-to-back drag races at Upstate New York's Lancaster Raceway Park recently. Sadly for all of us, Paul won't let anyone besides his wife, who also races, take the wheel of the revved-up customized pony car.

PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

BARELY 75?

THE LONG-RUNNING video series *Barely Legal* has released its 75th volume. To celebrate this major milestone, a gaggle of giggling young sweeties gathered at the HUSTLER Hollywood store in L.A., along with director Erica McLean (widow of *Barely Legal* mastermind Clive McLean) and erstwhile child actor/radio DJ/annoying publicity whore Danny Bonaduce.

"When a man goes on a date, he wonders if he is going to get lucky. A woman already knows."—FREDERIKE RYDER, WRITER

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

MIA

FLASH FORWARD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HICKSPHOTO

I am so excited that my photos ended up in HUSTLER and that I got to be naked in an outdoor shoot," coos **Mia**, a dandy little newcomer from Florida. "I love being naked outside! There is something rather naughty about being in a public place, wearing little more than a smile. Plus, the way the breeze feels against my exposed skin has always been a turn-on."

Even more to our liking, despite an awkward first time, the lovely Sunshine Stater is up for alfresco sex "every chance I get!" Recalls **Mia**, "I've loved doing it outdoors ever since I lost my virginity, which was on a beach at night after my prom."

Mia goes on, “The sex wasn’t all that great because the tide was coming in, and the waves kept licking at my feet while I was trying to focus on getting off. Since then I’ve done it in parks, woods and backyards, as well as on roofs of buildings and even on the hood of a car.”

MIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Apopka, Florida
AGE: 20
BIRTH SIGN: Cancer
HEIGHT: 5-1

When it comes to cavorting with this hottie in the great outdoors or a more subdued love nest, a would-be Romeo definitely has to measure up. “My kind of guy has to be adventurous and willing to try anything!” **Mia** insists. “He should also have a voracious appetite for sex, because I need it all the time. Also, he needs to be okay with what I do for a living. Some guys can’t handle that.”

They’d better get used to the idea, since the sweetheart intends to stick around for a spell. “I really hope to have a long career as a nude model and maybe an adult actress,” **Mia** concludes. “I plan on doing this until people lose interest. After that I guess I’ll just marry some rich guy who’ll take care of me. We’ll just have to see what life brings.”

PUSSYFOOTING GOES BI-BI

My fingers scissored together, trapping my long nipples. Damn, that felt good. Rolling over, I pushed my snatch into the mattress and started rubbing my palms over my ass cheeks. Light little circles, then *smack!* A spark flamed in my quim and blazed into a fuckin' inferno as I kept whacking my tush. I was so close.

I stopped spanking and started jacking my clit like a little cock. My other hand found my slit, and I jammed three fingers in knuckle-deep. In and out, in and out. I could hear the slurping sounds. Smell my own arousal. Feel my climax build and build until—*fuck!*—I exploded. Complete and total bliss.

Slowly I wafted back to earth. Then a sudden realization hit me like a concrete brick, and I bolted upright in bed, wondering, *Damn, am I a lesbian?*

See, this whole time I had been masturbating to the thought of Emma in all her naked glory. Emma was my best friend, had been all through high school, and now we were rooming together our first year at college. But living in these close confines, it seemed impossible to escape thoughts of her long, long legs, creamy skin and perky tatas. They relentlessly filled my head and made me warm and very wet.

I found myself wondering what it would be like to kiss Emma, to hold her and lick the sweat from her cleavage. I'd catch myself staring at her ass, trying to imagine what it would feel like in my hands. Would her pussy taste musky? Sweet?

Was I a lesbian? I thought I liked dick—at least I did last weekend, when I gave my date a sloppy blowjob and let him bury his huge throbber in my ass. Still, lying there in that dorm room, all I could think of was pussy. Emma's, to be precise, which got me hot all over again. I started playing with my pubes, twirling and tugging the blond curls. And that's when my gorgeous roommate barged into the room, fresh from English Composition 101.

"Having fun?" Emma cooed as she reached down to playfully tweak one of my erect nipples.

Somehow I resisted the urge to grab Emma's arm, pull her onto the bed with me and smother the girl in kisses. I guess I was scared it might end our friendship. But after that, a kind of electricity started flowing between us. By the end of the week, I was totally obsessed with getting my best friend into bed. My chance finally came Friday night at a frat house kegger.

Eleven o'clock found Emma and me drinking, dancing and drinking some more. I kept filling our cups the second they were empty and complemented the suds with a flask of tequila. I was hoping to get Emma loose enough to try lez. Instead, what happened was I got loose enough to black out.

I woke up to the sounds of the party still going full-swing somewhere below me. Then it dawned on me that I was butt naked on a bed. I was about to panic when I turned and saw Emma—also without a stitch!—lying beside me, smiling. "I know you want to try this," she said. Covering my lips with hers, the sweetheart gave me the softest, most sensual kiss of my life.

I melted back into the mattress as her lips trailed down my neck. Emma nursed on my breasts till they were wet with her saliva, then blew gently over my nipples. Damn, had she done this before?

My boobs were still tingling by the time the hottie reached my snatch. She took her time, slowly lapping at my clit for minutes before tongue-slapping it, then trilling my love trigger. Okay, this was definitely not her first girl/girl!

I longed to feel her licking my cookie, but Emma skirted around it to rim my pooper. *Nice!* When her tongue dicked into my bunghole, I practically bounced off the bed. And that's when my foot brushed against her twat, which gave both of us ideas. Soon Emma had three of my toes in her conch, two fingers in my browneye and her taster in my honeypot. We came that way. Finally, Emma licked my tootsies clean, then we giggled and started all over again.

So am I a lesbian? I guess not, because when a couple of frat rats staggered into the room, we invited them both to join us for a pretzel fuck. And that was fun too. But I definitely love pussy, and I want Emma to know that I'll do her anytime, anywhere.

— J.O.

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"Change the ad! Offer $1 million to anyone who *hasn't* had an affair with a member of Congress!"

"At last, some soiled *soiled* panties!"

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

"Forget it, Mack. I know a cop when I see one!"

"Senator, there's a call on line 2 from a Mr. Flynt."

THE LORDS OF BULLSHIT

THE GOP'S *JIHAD* AGAINST SCIENCE.

BY CHRIS MOONEY

FOR SIX YEARS OF THE GEORGE W. BUSH ADMINISTRATION, the scientific community has been repeatedly disdained, and the bullshitters ascendant. The Bush regime has not only politicized the Justice Department—as with the firings of at least eight U.S. Attorneys—but also politicized science.

It began early on when Bush, asserting that our knowledge about global warming was "incomplete," rejected the Kyoto Protocol. Then he announced a truly bizarre policy for the federal funding of embryonic stem cell research, the major hot-button political issue in the days prior to 9/11. Bush's decision, made before he had even named his Presidential science adviser, was premised on the false "fact" that more than 60 preexisting cell lines would be eligible for federal funding even if Bush blocked funding for research on any new lines after that. But there weren't nearly so many lines, and those that did exist were genetically limited, contaminated and had various other attributes that made them undesirable for scientific study.

Understandably annoyed by this kind of crap, scientists grew even more worried as the President left key science posts empty. The National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the Food and Drug Administration (FDA)—two megagovernment agencies employing hordes of scientists—were stumbling around leaderless for a year. Bush delayed just as long in appointing a Surgeon General.

Then the real nonsense started. Although few have ever heard of them, it turns out that there are literally hundreds of committees, comprised of scientists and other experts, that advise our massive government on all kinds of technical subjects. Most of these committees are so obscure that apparently no one had thought to politicize them before the Bush Administration came along. It took true innovation (along with a certain measure of control-freakery) to interfere with this small army of nerds and technocrats.

One area where the Bush Administration messed with the scientists involved sex. Many of the President's Christian Right supporters oppose sex before marriage. (Some probably oppose it after as well.) They also like to claim that virtually any form of contraception, or even *information* about contraception, encourages youthful promiscuity—rather than, say, protect kids who are going to screw around anyway. So they quickly got to work messing with an advisory committee that makes decisions regarding reproductive health drugs.

That included Plan B—the so-called "morning after" pill. It's a form of emergency contraception that, if taken quickly after sex, can prevent unwanted pregnancy and therefore a large number of abortions. Christian conservatives hate abortions; yet paradoxically, because of their discomfort with sex, they also hate Plan B. So the Bush Administration installed on the committee its favorite gynecologist, W. David Hager, author of a book titled *As Jesus Cared for Women*. (See "Hager the Horrible?" on opposite page.) After the experts deliberated, they voted 23-4 that Plan B should be available over the counter. But the highly politicized FDA rejected their view, opting instead for Hager's minority position on the matter. Later, Hager credited God with helping him to block wider availability of Plan B.

For right-wing Christians, when it comes to deterring women from having abortions, fear is the leading tactic. This inevitably involves more bullshit: claims that having an abortion will make you go crazy, give you breast cancer, etc.

Under the Bush Administration, once again, this kind of stuff actually got a hearing. A government document suggested that abortion might indeed increase a woman's risk of contracting breast cancer later in life (although the

vast majority of experts think otherwise). At least, in this case, reality did ultimately prevail: The document eventually got changed back, as not even the Bushies could justify so indefensible a statement for very long.

During Congressional hearings in July 2007, former Surgeon General Richard Carmona testified that his report on global health concerns was tampered with. Carmona's original draft stressed the role of condoms in AIDS prevention, but William Steiger—a Bush appointee in the Department of Health and Human Services—sent the then-Surgeon General a memo. Steiger told Carmona to add to his report praise for Bush's purported efforts to both curb AIDS in Third World countries and to improve public health in Afghanistan and Iraq. The HHS never released Carmona's report, which also denounced violence against women and pollution, but had failed to ballyhoo Bush.

If possible, the administration's distortions were still more egregious in the realm of climate science. There seemed to be a government-wide strategy of tinkering and meddling with scientific reports about global warming so as to keep the issue off the table and prevent pressure on the President to seriously address it. At one point the White House so heavily edited a government environmental report that the technocrats had to drop the global warming section entirely, rather than mislead the public.

In another case the executive branch had a lawyer named Philip Cooney—who had no scientific credentials, but had previously worked for the American Petroleum Institute [the oil industry's most influential lobbying organization]—editing the language of scientific documents pertaining to global warming. Needless to say, Cooney emphasized how *uncertain* everything was. Later, after his edits were revealed, he moved on to work for ExxonMobil. Talk about conflicts of interest.

And even as government scientific reports were getting the red-pen treatment, climate scientists working for the government were, at times, being blocked from talking to the press. Perhaps the most famous case involved James Hansen, arguably the world's most famous climate scientist. Sometimes called the "father" of global warming, Hansen works for NASA. In early 2006, the scientist charged there had been a clampdown on his freedom of speech after he had given a public lecture discussing the dangers of global warming.

In one case a young NASA aide named George Deutsch helped to divert an interview request for Hansen that came from a National Public Radio show. Deutsch later resigned when it was revealed that contrary to his résumé, he had not yet graduated from Texas A&M University.

James Hansen's case is made all the more outrageous because of the urgent message he was struggling to convey to the rest of us. Hansen has become convinced that we have an ever-narrowing window in which to address global warming before we suffer its severest consequences—namely, the destabilization of the Greenland and Antarctic ice sheets. This, in turn, could lead to massive sea-level rise on the order of tens of feet, and thus the submersion of many heavily inhabited continental coastal areas and islands in coming centuries.

But Hansen wasn't the only example of a government climate scientist who experienced constraints upon his ability to discuss global warming with the broader public. Take Thomas Knutson, a constituent of Rush Holt (D-New Jersey). Knutson, a soft-spoken scientist, runs massively complex climate models on massively expensive supercomputers at a government lab in Princeton. The classic technocrat also happens to be an expert on the relationship between global warming and hurricanes. So after the devastating 2005 Atlantic hurricane season—which featured *four* Category 5 storms, including Katrina—Knutson was prevented by government PR flacks from giving two national television interviews.

In August 2007, Bush announced plans for an international "climate change summit." Greenpeace responded: "It's a step forward that Bush no longer denies man-made global warming, but there has to be a concern that this is yet another attempt to derail the U.N. climate change negotiations set for December…. Bush speaks about…voluntary targets…. [This summit] must not allow Bush to distract the U.N. from December's meeting, where the goal must be the kind of deep binding emissions cuts that Bush still strongly opposes."

You might argue, of course, that these are just anecdotes—a few outrageous stories, but scientists don't draw general conclusions without real statistics, and neither should we.

It turns out that we do actually have statistics about how bad the situation has gotten with respect to science in the Bush Administration. A group called the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS), which tracks the issue, has collaborated with a number of other organizations to survey government-employed scientists about political interference. A number of surveys have been conducted by various branches of the government that employ lots of researchers—the Fish and Wildlife Service, the National Marine Fisheries Service, the FDA, etc.—and the results are eye-opening. For example, in a survey of government climate researchers, the UCS found that 46% of respondents felt pressure to remove the words *global warming* or *climate change* from various documents, while 43% reported that edits had altered the meaning of their scientific results.

In other words, the spreading of bullshit has become systemic within the federal government. When the interests of religious zealots, oilmen and the rest of Bush's backers are involved, ideology always trumps science in this corrupt administration.

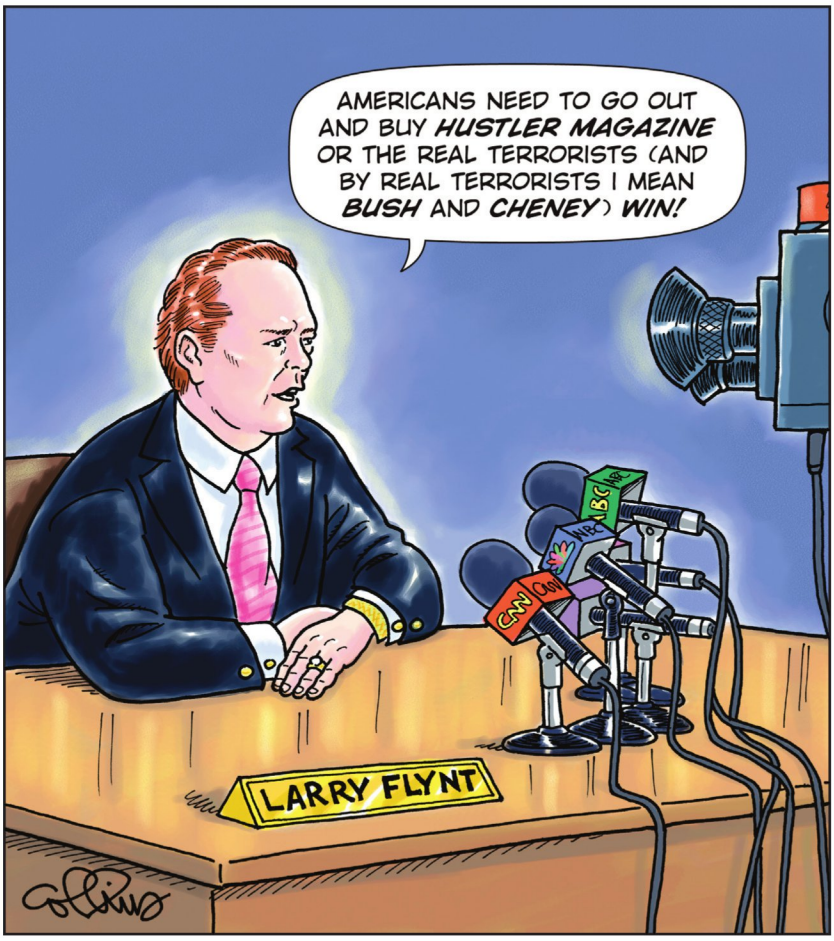
Finally, it's important to note that the scientific distortions aren't merely occurring below the radar in the editing of scientific reports, the quashing of scientists or the stacking of advisory panels. The President himself has uttered them.

Hager the Horrible?

Dr. W. David Hager is an obstetrician/gynecologist who delivers religious sermons and was appointed by the Bush Administration to serve on the Food and Drug Administration's Advisory Committee for Reproductive Health Drugs. According to an article by Ayelish McGarvey, Hager's ex-wife accused the Bible-thumping ob/gyn of repeatedly sexually abusing her.

"[Linda] Davis alleges that between 1995 and their divorce in 2002, Hager repeatedly sodomized her without her consent," McGarvey wrote in *The Nation*'s May 30, 2005, edition. "Several sources on and off the record confirmed that she had told them it was the sexual and emotional abuse within their marriage that eventually forced her out. 'I probably wouldn't have objected so much, or felt it was so abusive if he had just wanted normal [vaginal] sex all the time. … But it was the painful, invasive, totally nonconsensual nature of the [anal] sex that was so horrible,' Davis claims."

During the couple's divorce, Davis did not allege that Hager committed marital rape, and the Bush appointee has not been charged with or convicted of marital rape or nonconsensual sex. *—The Editors*


AMERICANS NEED TO GO OUT AND BUY HUSTLER MAGAZINE OR THE REAL TERRORISTS (AND BY REAL TERRORISTS I MEAN BUSH AND CHENEY) WIN!
LARRY FLYNT
ABC
NBC
CNN

"Heavens no, this isn't a book-burning. We'd never do that! We're burning the Constitution!"

As recently as 2006, Bush could be found falsely claiming that a "fundamental debate" still existed over whether human greenhouse gas emissions are causing global temperatures to rise. And on an issue where there's even more scientific certainty, evolution, the President voiced his support for teaching the pseudoscientific "intelligent design" concept in high school science classes nationwide.

Still, it's a fair question as to why this so-called "war on science"—which involves distortions, misrepresentations and suppression across the government—has emerged under Bush rather than under previous Presidents. While there's no single answer, it's quite clear that many of the attacks on science are intended to reward and appease the special interests that helped put Bush in office in the first place. That's especially true of corporate America, which has a vested interest in downplaying global warming, and the Christian Right, which obsesses about sex and abortion as well as Darwin. In short, the whole thing looks a lot like a good old-fashioned spoils system.

Reality isn't up for a vote, though, and our government is supposed to remain competent and intact throughout multiple Presidential administrations. That's where the true damage from the GOP *jihad* on science makes itself felt: A huge alphabet soup of government agencies—staffed by scientists and technocrats whose salaries are paid by the public—has now had its credibility thoroughly undermined. Why would a talented young scientist want to go work in one of these agencies, given the alarming stories about science politicization and the low morale among scientists already working there? And why would we, the public, continue to trust these agencies?

On November 7, 2006, Democrats took control of Congress and have already started investigating some of the most egregious cases in which the Bush Administration attacked science. James Hansen, Tom Knutson, Philip Cooney and George Deutsch were called to testify before Congressional committees. We'll see whether this new, high-level pressure makes the Bush Administration more honest or not. But so far, it has only helped to prompt one of the most incredible bullshit admissions yet.

Earlier this year, the White House had the gall to put out a statement claiming that President Bush has "consistently acknowledged climate change is occurring and humans are contributing to the problem." It was a bold-faced lie, but a somewhat hopeful one. At least this time around, the Bush Administration's denial of reality involves denying its previous denial of reality.

Chris Mooney, the Washington correspondent for Seed magazine, has written two authoritative books: the best-seller The Republican War on Science, as well as the recently published Storm World: Hurricanes, Politics and the Battle Over Global Warming.

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Porn Gets a Touch of Class

BY K.K. LE ROQUE

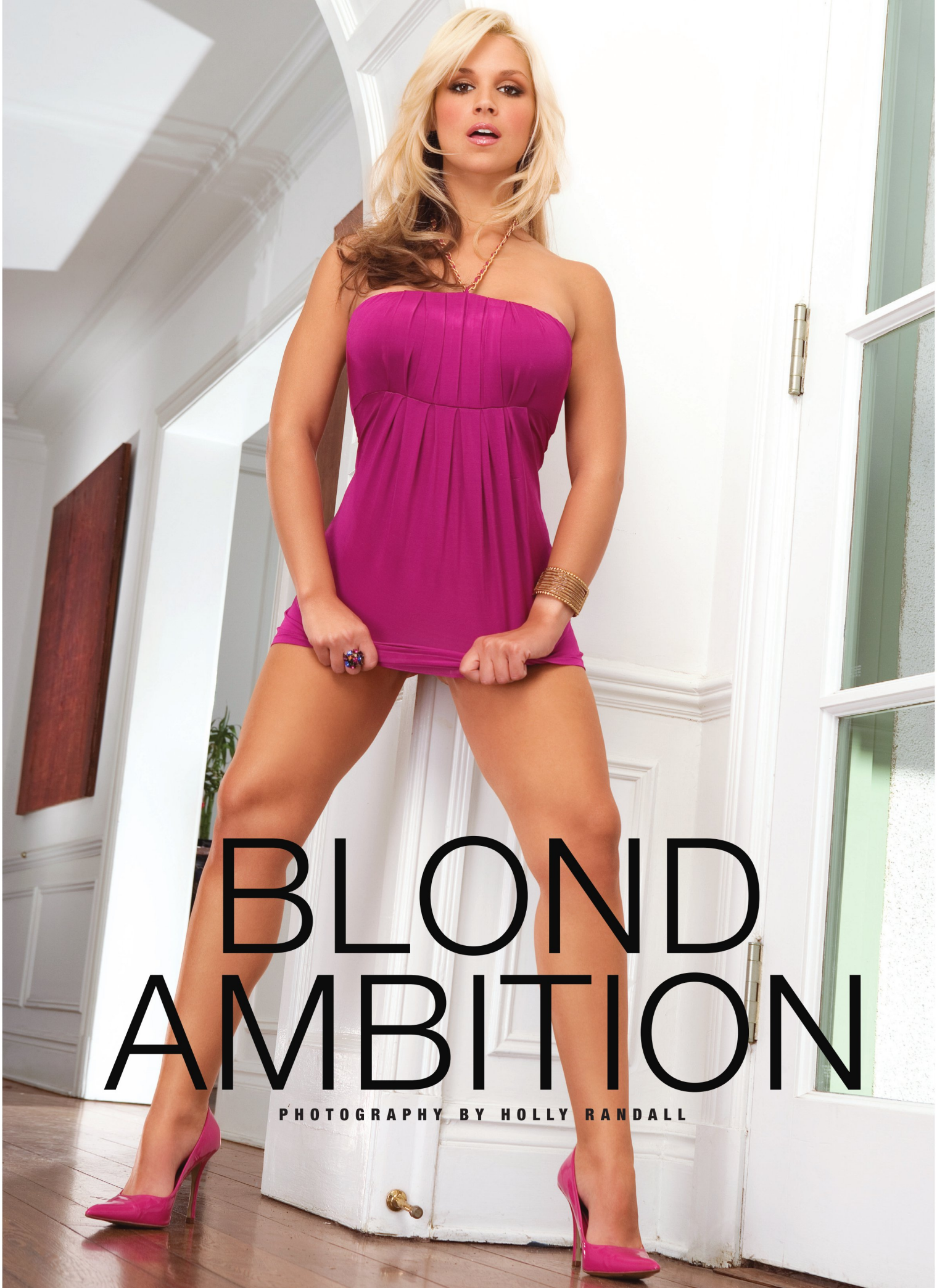
YOUR WIFE OR GIRLFRIEND probably won't let you keep any dirty pictures in the house, much less on the coffee table. That may change once she gets a look at celebrity/fashion photographer Michael Grecco's *Naked Ambition: An R-Rated Look at an X-Rated Industry*. Packed with hundreds of beautifully shot, high-quality portraits, this full-color hardcover book is—as its subtitle indicates—a tasteful peek at the wide world of porn.

To make an ambitious idea a reality, Grecco traveled to Las Vegas, where the XXX crowd gathers en masse every January for the *AVN* (*Adult Video News*) expo. There the master lensman snapped many of the industry's biggest stars, including Jenna Jameson, Tera Patrick, Mary Carey, Jesse Jane, Ron Jeremy and dozens more.

Called on to write the accompanying text were Lonn Friend (a onetime HUSTLER staffer who also launched *Rip* magazine) and *FHM* editor Rob Hill. Their insightful essays and biographical captions lend a literary depth to Grecco's captivating images. Our boss, Larry Flynt, even penned one of the forewords. As a HUSTLER reader, you know the man will not endorse anything unless it is quality.

This dazzling gallery shows just how far hard-core cinema has come in the past 30 years. It's gone from a dirty little secret glimpsed in seedy peep show arcades and dank theaters to a widely accepted, multibillion-dollar enterprise churning out movies even your wife or girlfriend can enjoy.

Naked Ambition: An R-Rated Look at an X-Rated Industry is now available at fine bookstores everywhere.



BLOND AMBITION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

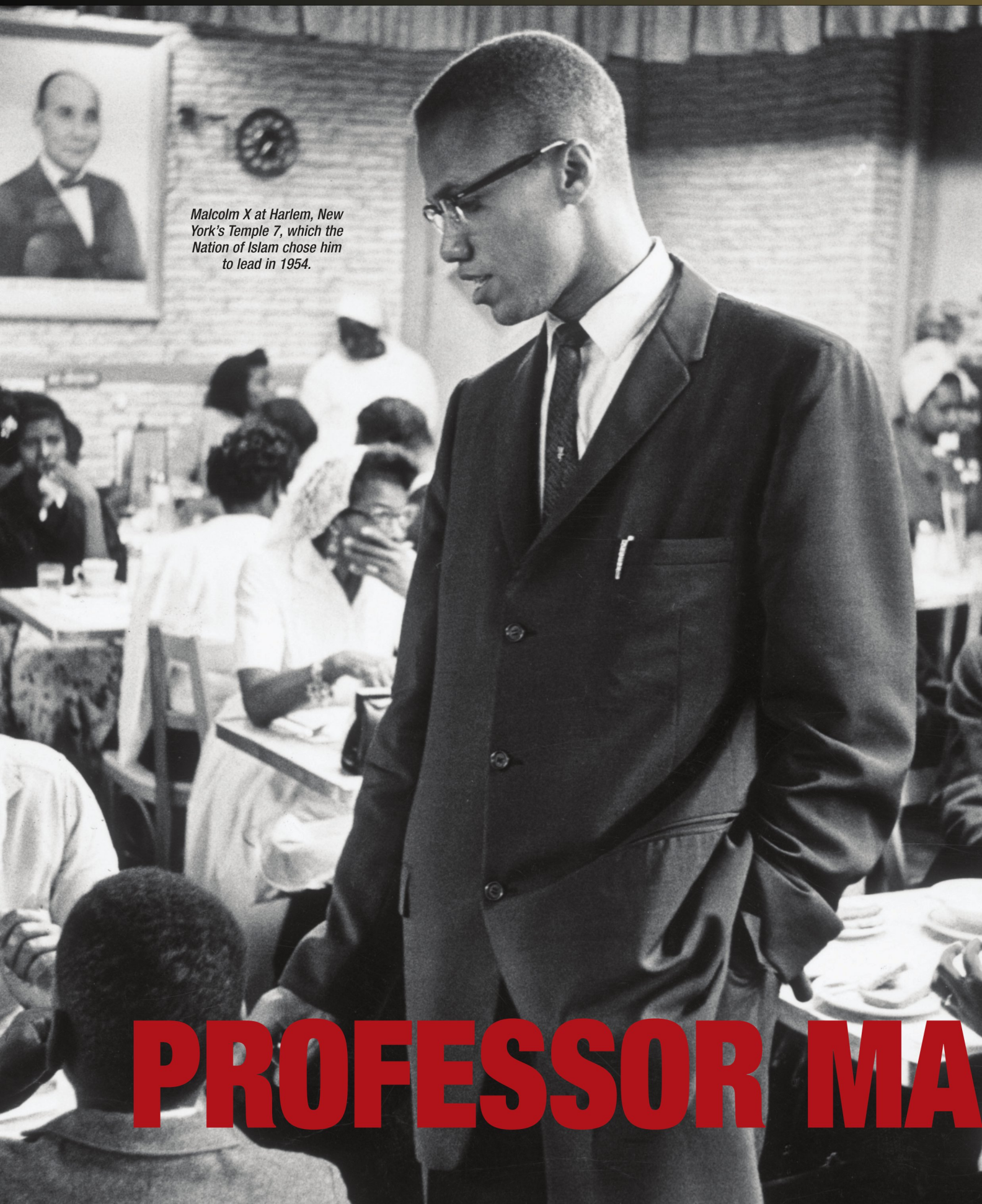
SARAH VANDELLA

Sarah Vandella has come a long, long way since toiling at a Long Island mall. "I was selling perfume to bored housewives when this guy showed up and told me I could be a model," the chesty knockout recollects. "I figured he was just trying to fuck me, so I ignored him at first. A few weeks later he came back and handed me the business card of a photographer out in Los Angeles. I called, and before I knew it, I was naked at a fancy house in Hollywood, showing off my pussy for the camera. That has led to a very lucrative career in porn. Now I'm naked in my favorite magazine, HUSTLER! That's just so awesome!"

Whether getting down-and-dirty for a fuck flick or in her private life, **Sarah** goes all out. "It's pretty much the same: wild, wet and hard-core," she confides. "I like bad boys with nice, big cocks who know how to take control. Nothing is better than when some dude starts to ram me and slam me around the room. All positions and all orifices are open to being passionately pummeled. After we finish, I like the guy to just leave me in a crumpled heap, all sweaty and dripping. I'm also down with getting it on with a gal pal if she has the proper oral skills and brings some toys. Of course, being with two girls is even better!"

At least for now, this high-octane porn star is strictly business. "I'm a workaholic," **Sarah** reckons. "I don't have a lot of free time because I'm doing as many scenes as possible so I can save up my money. I want to get enough cash together to start my own production company. One of these days I want to be able to call all the shots."

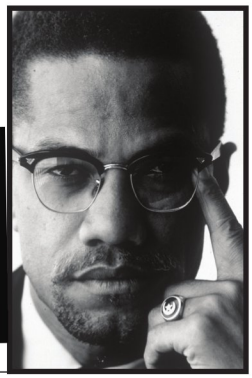
SARAH'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Babylon, New York
AGE: 25
BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius
HEIGHT: 5-3



Malcolm X at Harlem, New York's Temple 7, which the Nation of Islam chose him to lead in 1954.

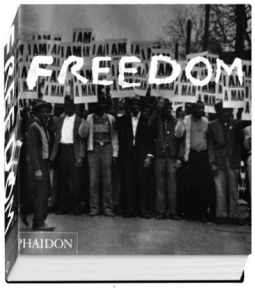
PROFESSOR MA

WHO *REALLY* ASSASSINATED MALCOLM X?



INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID AND ED RAMPELL

MANNING MARABLE, PH.D., is a prolific author and Professor of Public Affairs, History and African-American Studies at Columbia University in New York City. Also director of the Ivy League school's Center for Contemporary Black History, Marable is active in incorporating African-American history into the mainstream of public and higher education. His many books include *Freedom: A Photographic History of the African-American Struggle*, a colossal picture book published by Phaidon Press (**Phaidon.com**). Marable is currently writing a biography of Malcolm X, to be published by Viking Press in 2009. The scholar's meticulous research has unearthed new information about the life—and death—of the Black Power firebrand, who was shot 16 times at a Harlem ballroom in February 1965. Professor Marable here shares some of his groundbreaking revelations about Malcolm X and his assassination.



HUSTLER: Who was Malcolm X?

MARABLE MANNING: Malcolm lived only 39 years, 1925 to 1965. His public career was barely 12 years. He was a child of two activists, Louisa and Earl Little, followers of black nationalist leader Marcus Garvey. A young attorney named J. Edgar Hoover led the fight to imprison and later expel Garvey—a Jamaican—from America.

The Littles settled in Omaha, Nebraska, where they battled the Ku Klux Klan. When Louisa was pregnant with Malcolm, the KKK surrounded their home, broke windows and threatened to murder the family. When Malcolm was five, his father died tragically in a streetcar accident. There were rumors that Earl was actually murdered by white racists. Malcolm's mother had a mental breakdown and was institutionalized at the state mental hospital in Kalamazoo, Michigan, from 1939 to 1963.

Malcolm was taken in by Earl's sister. From 1941 until 1946, Malcolm lived in Boston and Harlem. Nicknamed "Detroit Red," he was arrested for burglaries. He spent 1946 to 1952 in a Massachusetts prison. While there, he was converted to a black nationalist religious organization, called the Nation of Islam [a/k/a the Black Muslims], led by the Honorable Elijah Muhammad.

NOI was a tiny sect that used elements of Orthodox Islam, but was primarily a black sectarian organization pursuing a philosophy of intense racial separatism. It literally viewed whites as devils and vigorously argued that blacks were the chosen people. Blacks could only become free by rejecting integration, creating separate black institutions. It wasn't that far from Malcolm's parents' philosophy.

Malcolm was a natural speaker. In prison he had participated in the debating club. Malcolm was extraordinarily charismatic, a brilliant man who studied extensively while he was in prison. When the Korean War broke out, he sent a letter to President Truman indicating he was a Communist who hoped for a North Korean victory against America; the FBI opened a dossier on Malcolm.

When he left prison, Malcolm quickly rose up the NOI hierarchy, establishing numerous mosques in Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, etc. In 1955 he arrived in Manhattan, where for the next decade he'd lead the New York branch of NOI, building Mosque No. 7 in Harlem. Under Malcolm's leadership, it rose from barely 20 people to well over 5,000 members. He became a frequent speaker on television and radio. Next to Barry Goldwater, he was probably the most sought-after campus speaker in America.

How did Malcolm differ from other black leaders?

Malcolm denounced the Civil Rights establishment as sellouts, arguing that integration was a false solution. He argued that the differences between Republicans and Democrats were insignificant regarding any genuine commitment to empowering blacks.

The NOI leadership became nervous, jealous and

NNING MARABLE

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES

frightened of him. Because of his charisma and oratorical ability, Malcolm attracted tremendous media attention and followers within the Civil Rights Movement who were disgruntled with the kind of tepid, moderate leadership of organizations such as the NAACP that believed in incremental, nonviolent strategies. Young people attracted to groups such as the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee—who were placing their bodies on the line—reached the breaking point, so they began to listen to Malcolm, who seemed to speak more realistically. Malcolm's following made the FBI extremely nervous. They placed agents and monitored Malcolm's activities, wiretapping him.

Malcolm seduced reporter after reporter in the power of his arguments, in his charisma, and got a tremendous amount of media coverage, such as Mike Wallace's 1959 television program *The Hate That Hate Produced*.

Malcolm is really the fountainhead of what becomes Black Power. Malcolm is foundational to what happens in black America from '65 through the mid-'70s. That's why the figure of Malcolm is so crucial. He's really the turning point, the architect for Black Power, led by people like Stokely Carmichael and the Black Panthers, even though he's dead when that happens.

Why did Malcolm have a falling out with the Nation of Islam?

In 1963 some reporter asked Malcolm, "What do you think about Kennedy's assassination?" Under strict orders from Elijah Muhammad not to say anything about it, Malcolm—being impetuous—says America has lived by violence, and it's a case of "the chickens coming home to roost." He made the point that racism was a form of institutional violence against blacks, and it was not surprising that the same violence would strike down America's leader.

The media seized upon this and distorted it. This was just the opportunity that Elijah Muhammad needed. He put Malcolm on probation for 90 days. Malcolm refused to be silenced. He continued having conversations with reporters in direct opposition to the NOI's sanctions against him. He flew to Miami to be with his friend Cassius Clay—who would soon become Muhammad Ali—to attend [the boxer's] heavyweight championship fight with Sonny Liston in February '64.

On March 8, 1964, Malcolm announced his departure from the NOI, and he created two organizations: Muslim Mosque Incorporated and the Organization of Afro-American Unity [OAAU]. Malcolm went to Mecca, where he saw that believers come in all ethnicities. He also traveled to West Africa—and was widely recognized as a head of state, speaking to national legislatures, talking with Gamal Abdel Nasser in Egypt, feted by Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah, etc.

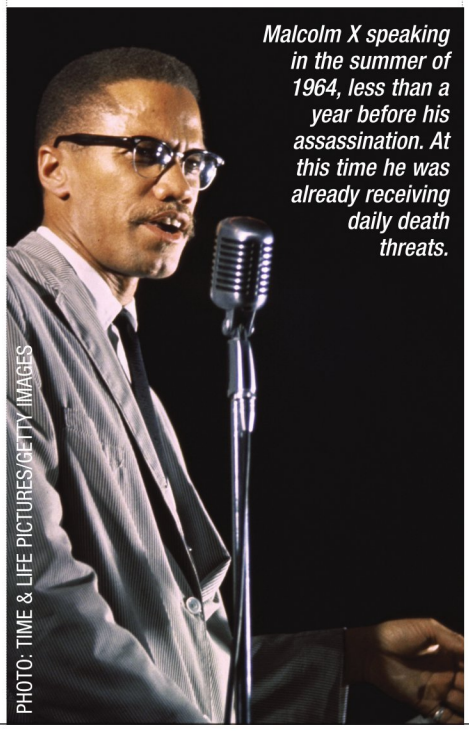
Then Malcolm reaches out to white and black America, but in different ways. He says to whites, "You can't work directly with us, but now I understand that I was wrong: Whites aren't devils. Whites can change; perhaps through Islam." But he also says, "There can't be black/white unity until there's some black unity."

The OAAU is what Malcolm wants to build as a secular organization to attract African Americans dissatisfied with the mainstream Civil Rights Movement's slow pace of change.

Then in the second part of '64 he travels again for 17 weeks throughout West Africa, Saudi Arabia and Europe, speaking, developing an international entourage, becoming truly an international figure of political power. The FBI surveillance of Malcolm increases exponentially: disruption, false information, pitting NOI against Malcolm.

Was this part of COINTELPRO—the FBI's counterintelligence program?

Absolutely. One can see this in the FBI internal memos, especially surrounding Malcolm's assassination. The FBI had at least five operatives present at Harlem's Audubon Ballroom on February 21, 1965, when Malcolm was assassinated.



Malcolm X speaking in the summer of 1964, less than a year before his assassination. At this time he was already receiving daily death threats.

PHOTO: TIME & LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

Who really murdered Malcolm X?

Three groups had an interest in silencing Malcolm. The first and most important were individual NOI members. There was not unanimity within the organization. My sense is that the national leadership around Elijah Muhammad was involved—people such as John Ali, the national secretary; Raymond Sharrieff, the head of [its] paramilitary organization, the Fruit of Islam; and Elijah Muhammad Jr.

How about Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan?

I was about to get to Minister Farrakhan. Over the next year and a half, I'm going to weigh more evidence regarding the individual involvement of people in the murder. My interpretation of the murder right now is this: Elements within NOI wanted Malcolm dead and took active measures to secure that. There was one effort to assassinate him in late '64 in Philadelphia that failed. NOI members, especially from the Newark Mosque, were actively recruited to carry out an assassination. It's been well-documented for many years.

There was a second group interested in silencing Malcolm: law enforcement. This falls under two categories: the New York Police Department and FBI. Both had placed agents within the OAAU. New York police placed one man, Gene Roberts—an NYPD cop—into Malcolm's security force. Roberts was a member of the Bureau of Special Services and Investigation. Others pivotal in Malcolm's personal security were either FBI or NYPD.

And you say his own security people were involved?

Yes. On the day of the assassination, no one was physically searched coming into the Audubon. Malcolm's home had been firebombed the previous Sunday night. Malcolm insisted that no one be searched, and none of his guards were supposed to carry firearms on February 21. Malcolm didn't want firearms to threaten middle-class African Americans interested in his movement.

But I've asked, in my interviews with Malcolm's own entourage and with Malcolm's chief of staff, James 67X [a/k/a] James Shabazz, why—when a man's house was just firebombed, his family thrown out into a winter night, where he had to provide safety to his pregnant wife and four children—weren't they carrying weapons? *(continued on page 120)*

"Hi, I'm Jesus, and this coming election I urge you to not vote for the 'moral values' candidate!"

SCREEN NAME:

Emily

AGE: 28

STATUS: In a relationship

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 899

When modeling took Emily from her tiny Upstate New York hometown to the bright lights of the Big Apple, she was in for quite a shock. "I don't like the subways," the dyed-in-the-wool country girl complains. "Creepy guys in hats and guys breakdancing in the middle of the aisle isn't for me."

Ever since a then-boyfriend first shot some risqué photos five years ago, Emily has been gung-ho about modeling, and she wasted little time baring it all. "I started doing nudes right away for a stocking-fetish Web site," she purrs. "I'm very comfortable with my body." So far, Emily's strangest gig required getting half-naked and freezing her ass off in the middle of a Pittsburgh street as passing motorists honked their horns.

Before modeling full-time, Emily was a licensed nurse assigned to a hospital's geriatric wing. "I worked with Alzheimer's patients," she recalls. "They didn't know what was going on, so they would hit you when you were changing their clothes. The pay was not worth getting beat on!"

Getting hit on in public, however, is another story altogether for Emily, who has gone from donning sexy stockings only for hire to making them a prominent part of her wardrobe. Bragging about owning "every color" of garter belt, Emily likes nothing more than "to go to a club wearing a pair of stockings and garter, cross my legs and hope somebody sees!"

Emily's taste in the opposite sex is equally old school. She prefers a man who is confident, cocky and attractive—and definitely no sensitive types, which she finds "too annoying, too emotional." On the other hand, Emily isn't nearly as specific when it comes to her bi side. "I like all women," the 5-foot-4 looker admits. "All shapes and sizes!"

And how's this for a surprise? Emily is an admitted voyeur, although her biggest fantasy is "to go to a swingers club with people watching me."

For more, visit **MySpace.com/EmilyModel** and **Emseyes.com**, home of the networker's sexiest online portfolio. Naturally, she loves making new friends—even the guy who sent a message offering her $200 to kick him in the balls. "I did turn him down," Emily reveals, "though I love hearing from everyone and getting crazy requests."

THE GIRLS OF MY

BY TYLER DOWNEY

SPACE #15: EMILY

PHOTOS BY PETER FOSTER

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

THE PERILS OF A cybergoddess

PHOTOS COURTESY EVILFX AND SUNKARMA.NET

BY SUN KARMA

I've been through the Internet mill before. Back in the day, I set up Web sites to help pay for my college tuition. I had a Webmaster in the ethnic-niche market, but we had major creative differences: Let's just say I didn't have enough ass, had too many tattoos and couldn't make a "sex" face. We ended up parting ways.

I had an offline hiatus, all the while modeling for photo-shoots and archiving the pictures for four years. (I'm not stupid.) When I finally decided to get back into the Internet business, I was determined to simply be myself. I'd have complete control over the new site as Webmistress and creative director.

However, things have changed since the "You build it, and they will come" generation. Sure, I'll never be as popular as Danni's Hard Drive or **HUSTLER.com**, but I figured I'd give it a shot again. I'd build a brand for myself by appearing in HUSTLER Magazine as its roving reporter and by dancing at various strip clubs.

Of course, this had previously met with all kinds of turmoil. For instance, my day job. I work in information technology. One company fired me for appearing in HUSTLER. Thanks! I'm thousands richer due to the settled lawsuit.

Anyway, I often "work" at work, writing on my breaks. I just can't help it. When your mind runs a million miles a minute, and you have all sorts of creative ideas like I do, you have to get them out somehow. So Microsoft Word is normally always an outlet for me. As a result, I've had to attach mirrors to my PC to see creepers sneaking up on me as I'm typing an erotic story or whatever.

Another problem is those coworkers who Google me. It doesn't take long for people to put 4 and 3 together and get 14. Often I'm the subject of water cooler gossip. Or even worse, I appear in those computer nerd screensavers or wallpapers. I even get e-mails saying, "Hey, don't you have a site?" One colleague reported me to my boss for having "porn content" on what had been my main Web site (**SunKarma.net**). This site does *not* have any nude photos of me. Fortunately, my boss not only didn't particularly care, but he also thought the whole thing was amusing.

Another especially heinous-looking butch boss couldn't stand me because of it. She would often creep around, hovering behind me, thinking I wasn't aware of her presence. She was trying to catch me doing something "inappropriate." Eventually she got tired and just reported me to my boss for dressing too "cute." (I was just wearing jeans and sweaters, for God's sake!) I guess she had nothing else to do.

Well, you mullet-wearing, fat, ugly dyke, I'm bisexual, so don't take the term as a putdown. Get something else to do besides picking on me. Maybe if you stopped being so damned jealous, you could find hot girlfriends like the ones I have.

Family too is a source of concern. I've often had exes threaten to tell my family what I do. Well, keep your stiff dick in your pants, boys; they already know. It's not a problem because I'm a grown woman. However, when you have Protestant ministers in your family, it does get a bit touchy. Recently, my cousin—a newly ordained female minister!—found me on MySpace and called to say how much the family "loves me" regardless. Perhaps thinking I was a heathen, she was trying to "save" me.

I've been called the HUSTLER bitch often,

If You Build a Hot Site, They Just *Might* Come!

THE PERILS OF A cybergoddess

and I think people mean it as a derogatory term. It doesn't bother me, however. Getting called a whore is not the worst thing in the world; being called a Republican is.

So it was not without some apprehension that I took up this cause again, to fly the flag of porn wildly and proudly, like Sisyphus feverishly pushing the rock up the hill in that ancient Greek myth. The major thing for me was getting my eight years of amassed content and creative ideas out to the world—whether it was ready or not.

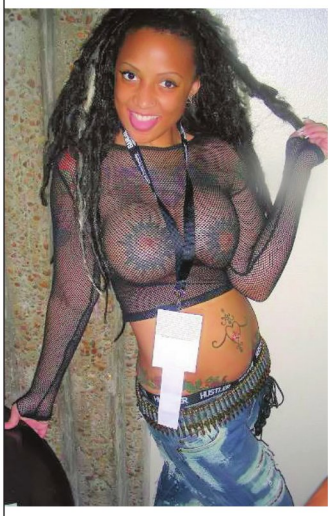
This site will be different from my old PurpleKitten.com and MinaRoyale.com Web sites, as it is mostly fetish and will have everything from comics, Webcam shows and live chat to photos and POV work. There will be strap-ons, lesbian action, latex, corsetry, cosplay (costume play), Zentai (full-body stocking), bondage, girlfriend links and just about anything else I want. It will have everything a pay site has and, eventually, video.

Technology has progressed since I started in 1999. Billing companies have come and gone, while the tried and true remain. Hacking and password sharing have become more difficult. I

have an awesome set of photographers, including EvilFx as a point-of-view cameraman.

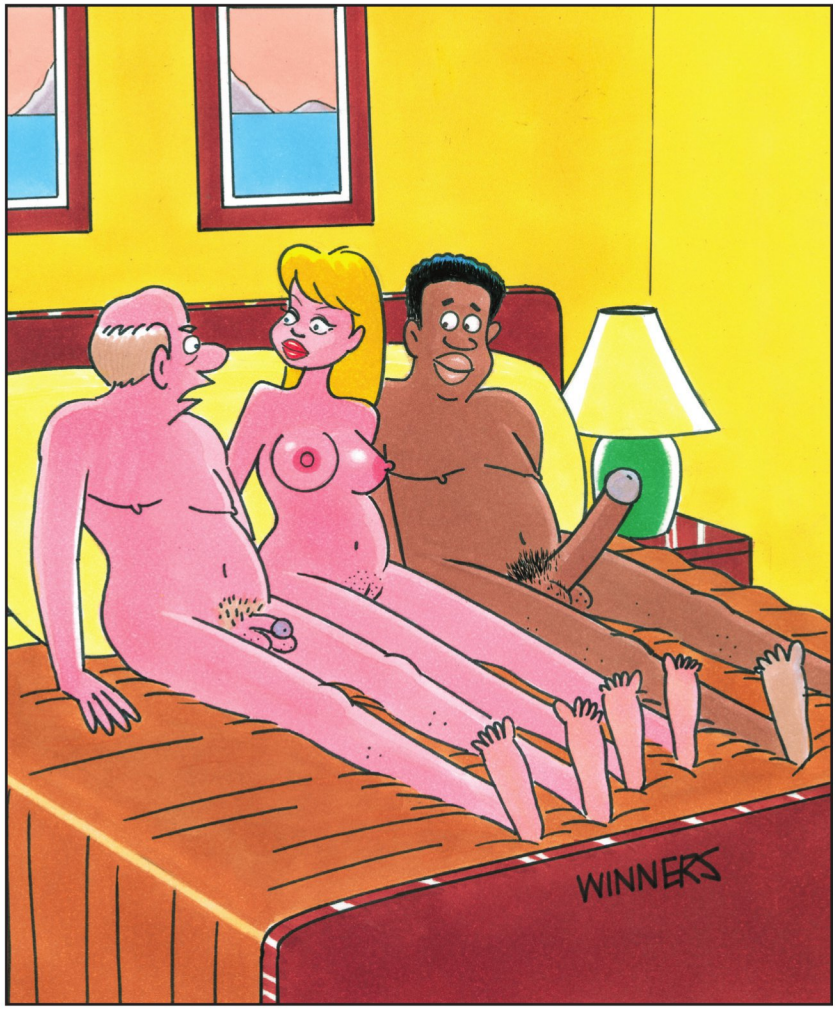
Any good porn starlet has to get in the mood to perform. So do I. Besides a shot of tequila, I usually like to have my own personal fluffer—who also happens to be my photographer.

It's great when you have a sex object who is more of a pervert than you are. I shoot at least two solo sets a day, and it's almost like guaranteed sex because both of us get so worked up that we are ripping each other's clothes off by the end of the shoot anyway.

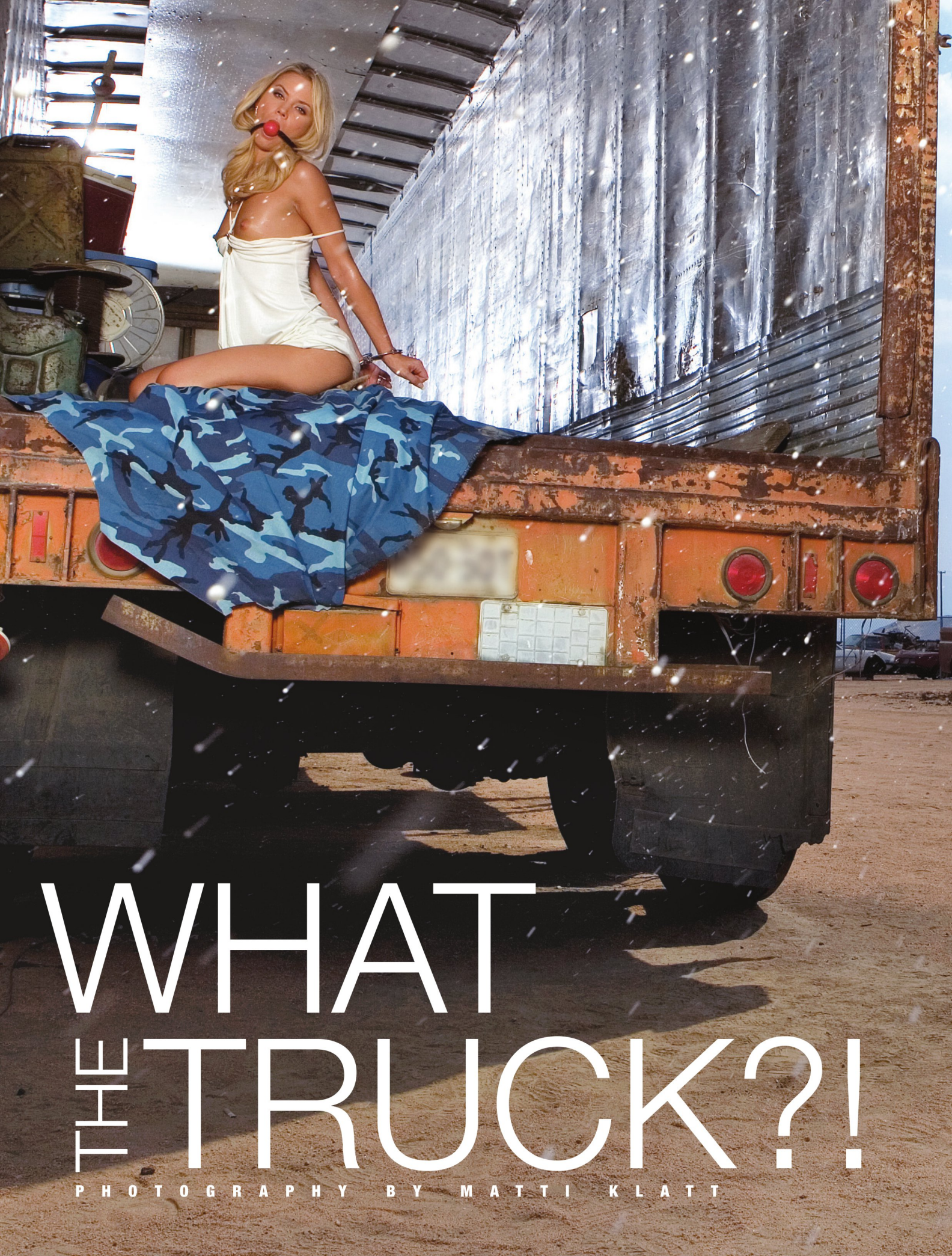


The only hard parts about operating a site are the marketing, the legal aspects (the federal government's rigorous age-verification requirements, etc.) and the site's promotion. However, I think I can effectively function as the pink-clad riding hood babe out in the Internet porn woods and hold my own against the big horny porn wolf without needing too much of Grandma's supervision.

I'm hoping to finally get it right this time around. Now I'm launching **TheInternetBitch.com**. I've built it; you will come. Well, hopefully. Even if you don't, it will be one amusing, proverbial dildo ride!



"I don't mind a *little* competition, but that's *big* competition!"



WHAT THE TRUCK?!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

SOPHIA LYNN &
EVA ANGELINA

Missing for almost a month, Patty K. (Sophia Lynn) was presumed dead. Then, acting on an anonymous tip, crack investigator Carla Sabuesa (Eva Angelina) finds the damsel alive and well, tied up in the back of a big rig. With Patty's kidnappers nowhere in sight, it's time to party hearty.

Patty is so thrilled to be free at last, she gushes, "I can't thank you enough, baby. How will I ever repay you?"

Horny and bisexual **Carla** smiles sheepishly and purrs, "I have a few ideas." Within a few minutes the 18-wheeler's trailer bed becomes a fuck bed.

The two lusty ladies take turns getting their licks and sharing a dildo amid a chorus of delirious moans and groans. “You’re my hero in more ways than one!” **Patty** chirps when **Carla** has her on the verge of coming again and again.

As the exhilarating afternoon draws to a close and the sun starts to sink over the horizon, grateful **Patty** buries her face into **Carla**'s cooze and greedily laps up the juices of her rescuer's dripping orgasm. It's then she finally realizes that freedom never tasted so sweet.

Get lost as **Sophia Lynn** heats up *Barely Legal #77* and find more bliss as **Eva Angelina** sizzles in *Educating Nikki*, *Britney Rears #2*, *Busty Beauties #24*, *HUSTLER Centerfolds #5*, *The Da Vinci Load* and *Young Latin Ass #3* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

HILLSIDE STRANGLERS' TORTURE, SEX AND MURDER SPREE

Crime reporter **Jamie Schram** grills convicted serial killer Kenneth Bianchi and a lead investigator for this exclusive postmortem.

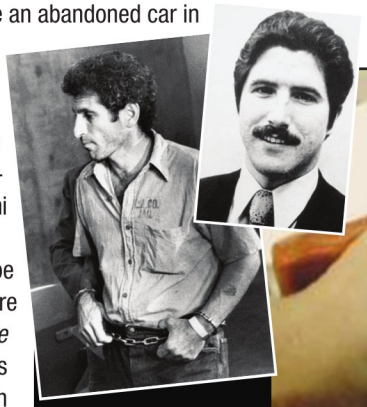
BY JAMIE SCHRAM

SOME WERE LOS ANGELES PROSTITUTES STRUTTING DOWN THE SUNSET STRIP. Two were college students in the state of Washington. Others were Catholic schoolgirls. Another attended art school. All 12 victims shared a common bond: They were beautiful, stripped naked, sexually tortured and strangled. Ten bodies were found discarded like trash along the hillsides of L.A. in the late '70s. Two ghost-faced corpses were found entangled inside an abandoned car in Bellingham, Washington.

The media believed there was only one serial killer, dubbing him the "Hillside Strangler," but police were convinced there were two. Eventually the trail led to Kenneth Bianchi and his cousin, Angelo Buono Jr.

HUSTLER conducted its own probe into the case, beginning shortly before the 2004 release of *The Hillside Strangler* movie starring C. Thomas Howell. We initiated contact with Bianchi by sending a letter requesting a meeting. The Rochester, New York, native corresponded with us for several months before inviting this reporter to Washington State Penitentiary in Walla Walla for his second-ever media interview.

Bianchi, unshackled, sat at a small table in a private visiting room. During the six-hour discussion he offered a detailed account of his life, declared his innocence and fingered convicted serial killer William Suff for the L.A. Hillside Strangler murders. Suff had been convicted in 1995 for raping and strangling prostitutes and is awaiting execution on California's Death Row.



The Hillside Stranglers: Angelo Buono Jr. and Kenneth Bianchi (inset).

Karen Mandic's neck bore Bianchi's signature method of strangulation.

Suff lived in Glendale, California, as had Bianchi, Buono and several Hillside Strangler victims. Bianchi said Suff rode around in a "white van," which was similar to a vehicle abandoned near the body of Kimberly Martin. Suff used vans in his killings. Furthermore, Bianchi claimed he wasn't in L.A. at the time the ten local women were murdered.

In an exclusive interview with HUSTLER, retired LAPD Detective Bob Grogan blew holes in Bianchi's account. Grogan, lead investigator in the case, said Suff was never a suspect, and although police initially investigated a white van, it was later eliminated. He also told us that "20 to 30 witnesses" put Bianchi in L.A. through February 1978, when the four-month killing spree ended. "Kenneth Bianchi is a master bullshitter—a typical used car salesman," Grogan said.

Bianchi lived in Buono's Glendale home, where Buono ran an auto-upholstery shop out of his garage. Bianchi did odd jobs for Buono until finding work.

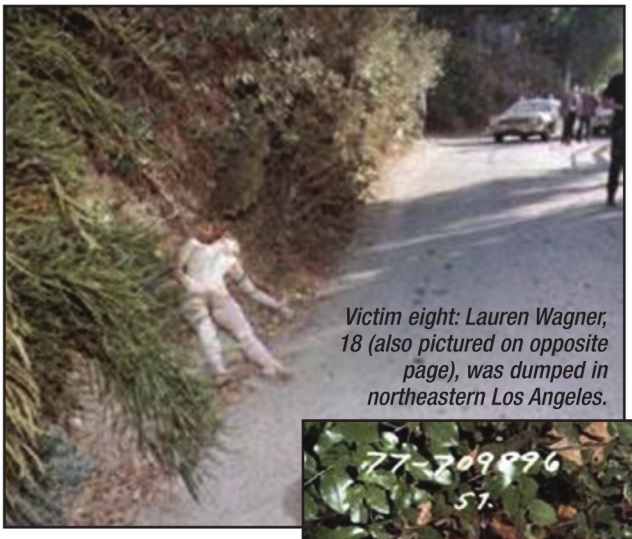
"[Bianchi] gets involved with his cousin, who is a sexual predator, who would stick his dick into any hole, anywhere, anytime, and he did," Grogan said. On the other hand, Bianchi suffered from "erectile dysfunction" and wasn't "doing that well" during sex with two call girls also living at Buono's house. Grogan added, "I think Ken Bianchi can only get it up when he's committing acts of violence against women."

Victim one: Yolanda Washington, whose body was found near L.A.'s Forest Lawn Cemetery on October 18, 1977.

The cousins concocted a plan to lure females, between ages 12 and 28, into their depraved world while posing as police officers. Although the details of each case varied slightly, the pair frequently cruised down Sunset Boulevard in Buono's Cadillac to pick up prostitutes.

When one piqued their interest, Bianchi flashed a badge he'd bought at a flea market and handcuffed the hooker. Buono drove back to his house, where the two kidnappers blindfolded their prey, tied her with twine and stripped her naked. The pair then took turns raping the helpless female before tightening a cord around her neck until her body went limp.

The cousins also raped and strangled Catholic school students Dolores Cepeda and Sonja Johnson. They tortured art school student Kristina Weckler too. Using a hypodermic needle, Buono injected Windex into Weckler's arm and neck, then watched her go into convulsions. He detached one end of a stove's gas pipe, stuffed it into a plastic bag over her head and sealed the bag with a cord. As Buono turned the gas on and off, Bianchi yanked on the cord.



Victim eight: Lauren Wagner, 18 (also pictured on opposite page), was dumped in northeastern Los Angeles.

Buono and Bianchi's ninth victim was 17-year-old call girl Kimberly Martin, who was discovered on December 13, 1977.

The decomposing remains of Jane King, 28, were located near an L.A. freeway exit ramp just before Thanksgiving 1977.

Police determined they had a serial murder case on their hands after Lauren Wagner's body was discovered with electrical burns on her hands.

"We were connecting all the cases with five-point ligature [marks]—one on each wrist, one on each ankle and one on the neck," Grogan recalled. After five corpses were found Thanksgiving week 1977, the story exploded in the national news, and a police task force was created to capture the Hillside Strangler.

All the media attention went to Bianchi's head, and he started bragging about the murders. In Grogan's estimation, Buono became enraged due to his "code of silence" and "Mafia Don" persona.

According to Bianchi, "[Buono] and I got into a horrendous fight. He reached into his drawer and pulled out a gun and said, 'Get off my property!' That was it."

Bianchi headed to Bellingham, where his pregnant wife, Kelli Boyd, had relocated to be closer to her family. The couple had met while Bianchi was a land-title officer in L.A., and she was a secretary at his office. Although the couple had a stormy relationship, they tied the knot while Bianchi was secretly committing the murders.

Bianchi made it to Bellingham just in time to see his son born while working two security jobs to feed his family. He befriended a coworker, Karen Mandic—while hatching a plan to kill her.

Bianchi was in charge of providing security to a home while the owners were out of town. He offered Mandic a housesitting job at the residence, and she took the bait. Mandic brought along a friend, Diane Wilder, a classmate at Western Washington University. Bianchi was waiting with a gun and rope.

"He took them in a room one at a time," said Whatcom County Prosecutor David McEachran, who assisted in investigating the case. "He sexually assaulted them. Then he strangled them. This was extremely predatoreal."

Bianchi then "masturbated over the bodies" and "jacked off on them," retired Detective Grogan added.

Police soon discovered the bodies inside Mandic's car, which was parked in a nearby cul de sac. After learning about the housesitting job from Mandic's boyfriend, detectives traced hair and carpet fibers found on the victims back to Bianchi.

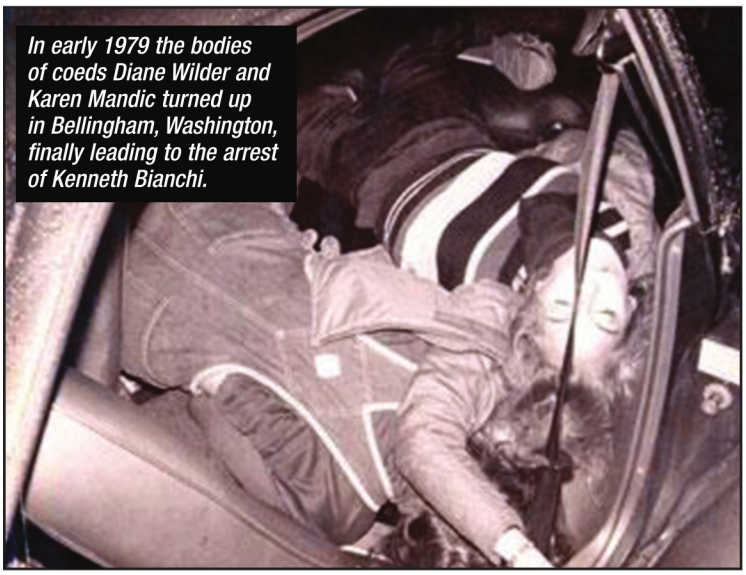
Two days later, Bianchi was arrested and charged with the Bellingham murders. The authorities eventually linked him to L.A.'s Hillside Strangler murders.

According to Grogan, "Bianchi corrobo-

rated evidence and statements from witnesses, which led to Buono's arrest."

While Bianchi was incarcerated, playwright Veronica Compton fell in love with him and agreed to commit a copycat murder to make it appear as if the real killer was still at large. She attempted to strangle a new acquaintance, who escaped and contacted police.

Compton was tied to several anonymous cassette tapes mailed to police with messages warning that the Hillside Strangler would strike again. Convicted of attempted murder in 1981, Compton was paroled after serving 22 years in prison.



In early 1979 the bodies of coeds Diane Wilder and Karen Mandic turned up in Bellingham, Washington, finally leading to the arrest of Kenneth Bianchi.

In a plea bargain that precluded the death penalty, Bianchi admitted to seven Hillside Strangler murders and agreed to testify against Buono at his trial. Bianchi was sentenced to life imprisonment without the possibility of parole.

As Buono's trial neared, Bianchi weaved a fanciful tale, supposedly under hypnosis, and was ultimately diagnosed with multiple-personality disorder by forensic psychiatrist Ralph Allison. This "split-personality" phenomenon was sensationalized by the book *Sybil* and its 1976 TV movie.

To this day, Allison believes that Bianchi created two internal imaginary playmates. "Billy" was a little boy who pretended to be a psychologist as a way to meet friendly women. He briefly rented an office for that purpose. "Steve" was a killer born out of Bianchi's hatred of his adopted mother, Frances, who—in Allison's belief—was unfit for parenting. "When she was at home and not working, little Ken would urinate in his pants," the psychiatrist observed.

At Frances's insistence, a physician injected a probe into Bianchi's penis to inspect the boy's bladder, but the problem was never identified. "That's where [Bianchi], in my mind, makes the connection between mother and sexual assault," Allison concluded. Bianchi took out his aggressions on the Hillside Strangler victims because Frances was not present, the psychiatrist also noted.

HUSTLER obtained confidential medical and social service records that offered a broader perspective. Frances met Bianchi's biological mother, an unwed reform school student, in a bar and paid an unknown sum of money for her baby boy, according to the records and Dr. Allison. In his words, Frances was "seriously disturbed" and "strongly controlling of Ken."

At age 14, Bianchi was "absolutely devastated" by the sudden death of his father, Nicholas, from a heart attack. Years later the accidental death of his ex-girlfriend's son prompted Bianchi to move from Rochester to the Los Angeles area for a new beginning with Buono.

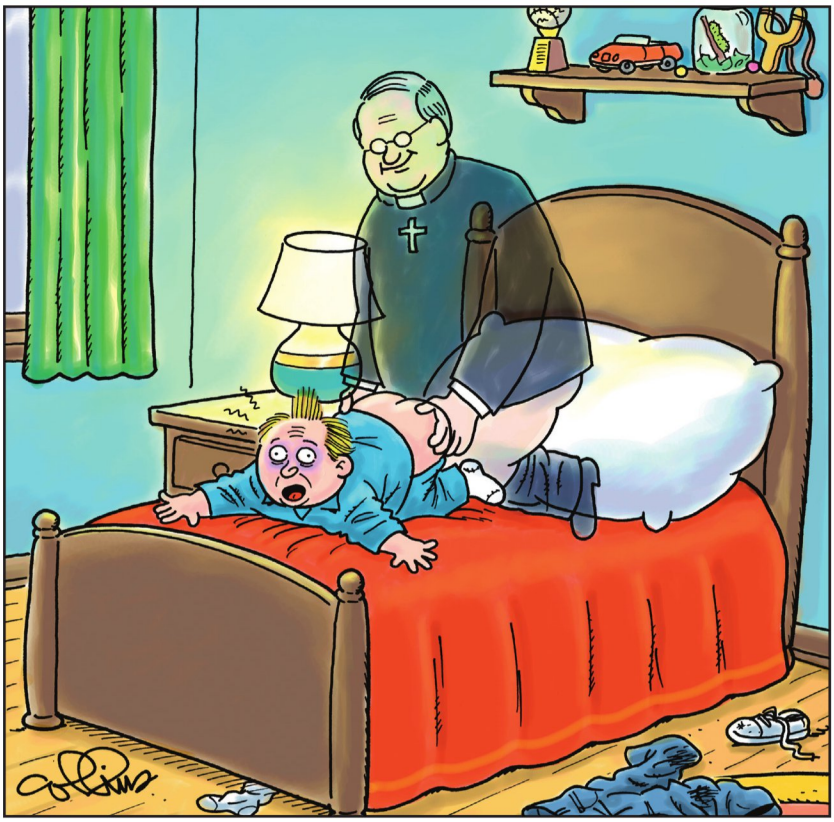
Much of the elaborate backstory told by Bianchi under hypnosis was contradicted by Dr. Martin Orne. The authority on hypnosis determined that Bianchi was feigning multiple-personality disorder.

In 1984, after the most expensive criminal trial in U.S. history up to that time, Buono was convicted of nine Hillside Strangler slayings and sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole. Taking his sinister secrets to the grave, he died of a heart attack in California's Calipatria State Prison in 2002 at age 67.

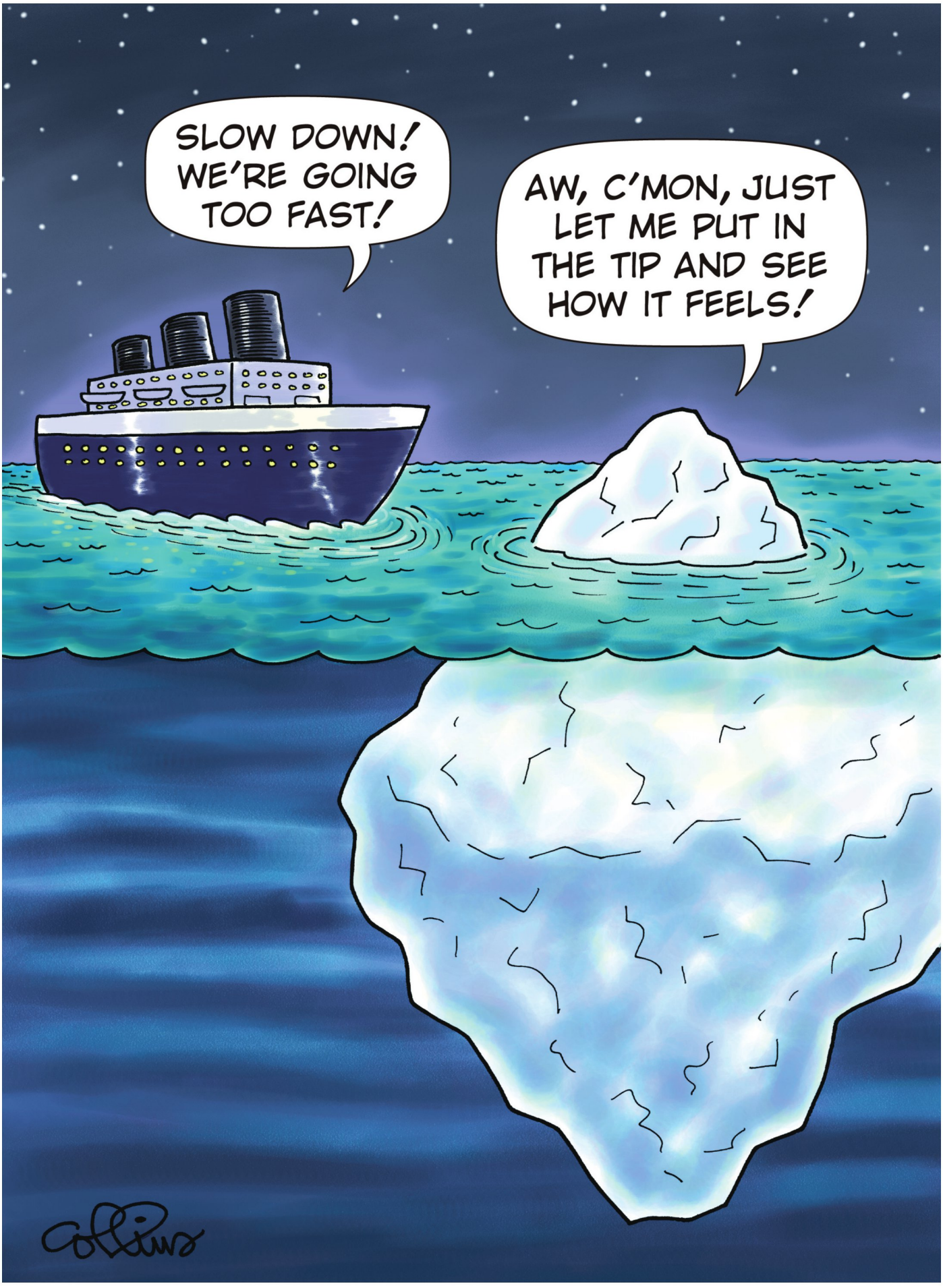
Betraying his cousin still haunts Kenneth Bianchi. "A day doesn't go by that I don't feel badly about this," he lamented. Before Buono's death, Bianchi—now 55—wrote a letter to his partner in crime, but never got a response. "I'm told he did get it," Bianchi went on to say. "I'm told that he forgave me. May God rest his soul."

Grogan wasn't as forgiving: "I am sure he is burning in Hell as we speak."

Jamie Schram, the New York Post's crime-beat columnist, has also written front-page stories on some of America's most sensational crimes and interviewed or corresponded with such notorious figures as David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz and Polly Klaas killer Richard Allen Davis.



"I don't think I want you as my imaginary friend anymore, Father Timothy!"


SLOW DOWN! WE'RE GOING TOO FAST!
AW, C'MON, JUST LET ME PUT IN THE TIP AND SEE HOW IT FEELS!

How To

FOOL AROUND AND GET AWAY WITH IT

MAN ABOUT TOWN JOE DIAMOND SCOPES A NEW GUIDEBOOK ABOUT INFIDELITY'S DO'S AND DON'TS.

BY JOE DIAMOND

IN THE '60S COMEDY FILM *A Guide for the Married Man*, a seasoned cheater advises an aspiring adulterer on the finer points of having an affair: "Deny, deny, deny." The lesson is illustrated onscreen as a wife catches her husband in bed with another woman. The man acts as if nothing unusual is happening, calmly getting dressed and sending his mistress on her way. "What girl?" he responds to his wife's frantic demands for an explanation, looking at her as if she's lost her mind.

Elizabeth Sylvince, a life coach from Brooklyn, New York, offers more sophisticated guidance in her new book *How to Cheat and Not Get Caught* (EMS Publishing)—with an appealingly light touch. On your way home from a tryst? Sylvince reminds you to "check your underwear for any signs of—well, you can figure it out." In an ironic section on "ways to get caught cheating," the expert writes: "If you want to turn your life into a living hell…make sudden, numerous lifestyle changes" like joining a gym or "trim[ming] your nose hairs."

Sylvince's book is intended for people in all kinds of relationships, married or unmarried, straight or gay. (Although the term "spouse" appears throughout, it's meant as a catchall.) The mix of practical advice and humor, however, makes *How to Cheat and Not Get Caught* an enjoyable read even for those not involved in relationships. "It takes a good amount of cash to have a successful affair," writes Sylvince. "Often, you have to be more generous to a lover than to a wife or husband. You might want to consider applying for several credit cards, taking out a short-term loan or winning the lottery, if possible."

If you're set on cheating, Sylvince suggests holding out for someone that you're attracted to "physically, sexually, emotionally and mentally." After all, "you are risking everything for this person," including your spouse, kids and job. Sylvince makes a great point, noting that settling for someone you find less attractive doesn't lower your risk. "If the person can physically act out pictures from the *Kama Sutra*," she adds, "the ones where you have to put on sunglasses and hold the book sideways to figure out what's going on, you are off to the races."

Keep your flings out of the house, warns Sylvince. Find a "cheater-friendly" hotel or motel with "out-of-sight parking" so your car isn't visible from the street. The establishment should have a trustworthy staff that acts "as if they don't recognize you, regardless of how many times they have heard 'exotic' sounds coming from your room."

If you're reckless enough to disregard her warning about romping at home, Sylvince advises at least taking precautions, such as using an "odor bomb" to nullify any lingering third-party scents. Also, don't flush used condoms down the toilet; like corpses, they have a nasty way of bubbling back to the surface.

The book is organized in short, easy-to-digest chunks, including checklists with the unforgettable acronyms BOOBS (Beware of Obvious Break-up Signs), TITS (Take Inventory Thoroughly of Your Surroundings) and PENIS (Purchase Equipment Now to Insure Secrecy).

Props to Sylvince—whose cheating boyfriend inspired the book—for doing a nice job of turning lemons into lemonade. In an interview with HUSTLER, Sylvince recalled how her boyfriend's behavior had started to change: "He would not answer his pages when I beeped him. He would take hours, or sometimes a whole day, before calling me back when he used to call me back immediately. I purchased a phone with a room-monitor feature and would call in and listen to what was going on in the room. I would sometimes hear him with another woman in there."

Like the husband in *A Guide for the Married Man*, Sylvince's boyfriend tried to convince her she was imagining things. "Why is it when people cheat, the first thing they do is try and make you think *you* are delusional?"

Sylvince eventually caught the guy red-handed, but gave him another chance. Soon, however, he was unfaithful again. Now "he had to go," Sylvince said. "I remained single for about a year-and-a-half because I was angry at men. I thought about becoming a lesbian for all

of 30 seconds, but decided that it wasn't for me."

Sylvince channeled her anger into a more productive vein and started working on her provocative self-help book. The fledgling author also got married, but hubby turned out to be as much of a skunk as her ex-boyfriend. As Sylvince writes in the acknowledgements: "To my lying, philandering, backstabbing husband. Don't cheat on a woman who is writing a book called *How to Cheat and Not Get Caught*, FOOL."

As Sylvince explained to HUSTLER, "I actually found out about my husband's affair while proofreading my book." Had the wayward fellow paid greater attention to his wife's writings, especially her advice about cell phones, he might have learned what *not* to do. "My husband started keeping his cell phone on him religiously," Sylvince recounted. "He would take the phone into the bathroom while showering. He started deleting his messages or turning his phone off altogether. These are things he never did before, and when I questioned him about it, he said I was just imagining things and making a big deal about nothing."

As a result, Sylvince did some high-tech sleuthing, placing "a tracker on his car which showed me everywhere he went." When she'd ask him where he'd gone, his answers didn't match the tracker data.

In the book's introduction, Sylvince points out that she doesn't want to "encourage cheating or adultery. … However, since people still decide to have affairs every day, the information in this book can help them have such experiences without losing personal happiness, professional success or their life savings."

This sounds like a bit of sophistry, akin to the manufacturer of a police radar detector claiming that it's not encouraging drivers to speed; but if that's what speeders have in mind, its product will help them do it without getting a ticket or losing their license, saving them from the messy implications such penalties could have for their finances, their ability to drive their kids to ball games, etc.

Of course, Sylvince's advice cuts both ways, showing people what to look for if they suspect their partner *is* cheating. Perhaps that should be the ultimate warning to anyone who picks up *How to Cheat and Not Get Caught* with the intention of running out and putting their newfound knowledge on infidelity into practice.

New York City-based Joe Diamond, who previously penned A Real-Life Caribbean Fantasy Island (HUSTLER, March '07), has covered sex, politics, crime and entertainment for various media outlets, including the New York Post, MSNBC.com, TV Guide and Maxim's U.K. edition. Diamond's current projects include a book about sex tourism in the age of globalization.

HOW TO CATCH A CHEAT!

Worried that your lover is two-timing you? These days you can do your own high-tech sleuthing to get the goods. Sort of like a cuckolded Jack Bauer—although we're not suggesting Tasering anyone's genitals. We've listed some less-intrusive means—author Elizabeth Sylvince used a few to catch her spouse in the act—that don't involve torture. Invasion of privacy, however, is another story; learn the risks before using any of these.

✘ **The Tracking Key** from LandAirSea Systems (**LandAirSea.com**) boasts a tiny GPS receiver that records its location every second. Hide the device inside a vehicle or attach it underneath. Later, download the data and overlay it on a street map.

✘ **The Informer Telephone Room Monitor** (**SpyTechAgency.Stores.Yahoo.net**) lets you eavesdrop after the other party hangs up. If your mate's home entertaining in your absence, you can hear all the pillow talk.

✘ **Tru-Test's Home Evidence Collection Kit** (**TruTestInc.us**) shines a revealing ultraviolet light on clothing. Semen stains appear dark purple, vaginal fluid light purple.

✘ **Powerdisk's voice recorder watch** (**PowerDiskWatch.com**) tapes up to nine hours. Leave it out of sight in the bedroom (like Sylvince did) to capture unauthorized hanky-panky. Or, if your mate's dense enough not to notice the watch's play and record buttons, set it to voice-activated, give it to him or her as a gift, then play it back when you can.

✘ With a **Stealth Cam clock radio** (**SpyTechs.com**), you can see the action too. The gizmo's concealed video camera is motion-activated, so its memory card is used only when the bed's a-rockin'.

—Joe Diamond

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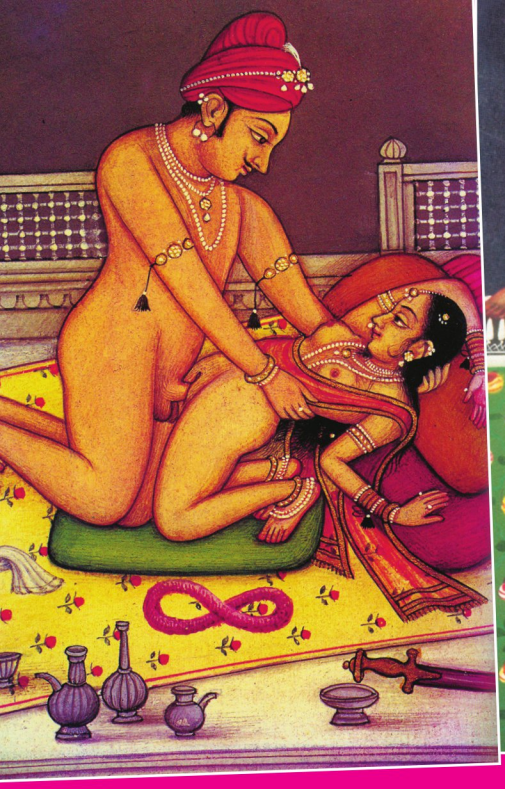
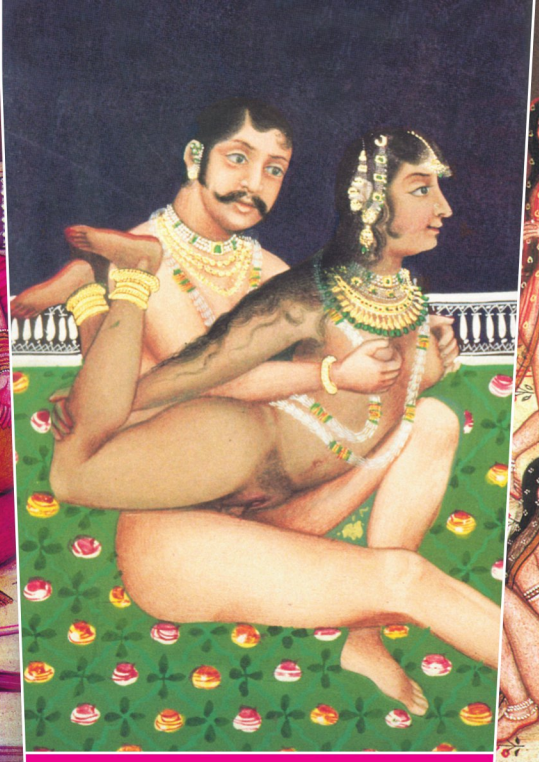
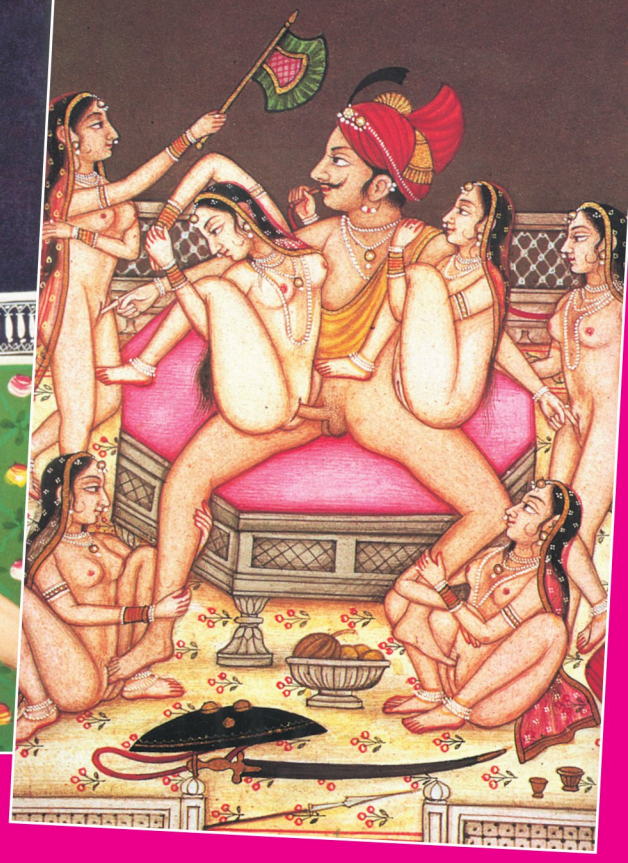
Best if taken 2 hours after a meal





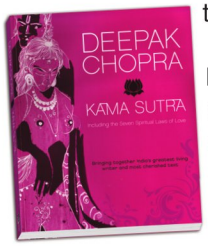


KAMA SUTRA

BY GORDON RICHIUSA

FOR 2,000 YEARS one of India's most significant exports has been a tantalizing little tome called the *Kama Sutra*. This graphic guidebook of sexual techniques, positions and more is intended to enable its readers to become better and more fulfilled lovers. Written by the Hindu holy man Vatsyayana, the *Kama Sutra* illustrates how sex, if done correctly, can also be the pathway to spiritual enlightenment.

The basic premise of such Tantric meditation is that sex is natural and that anything natural is (if you believe in a creator god) spiritual. Why would a supreme being create something that makes us call his name in ecstasy if he didn't want us to indulge in it? In this light, puritanism and prudery become perverted.



Now Deepak Chopra, the high lama of La-La-Land—whom some believe is a modern-day Hindu holy man himself—brings us his own perspective on this ancient erotic text. Chopra is, of course, a guru to the rich and famous and the author of the best-seller *The Seven Spiritual Laws of Success* and similar books. But his is not the most complete version of the *Kama Sutra* on the market today. For the money, we'd have to say that *The Complete Illustrated Kama Sutra* (edited by Lance Dane and published by Inner Traditions Publishing) holds the crown.

EROTIC ART FROM *THE COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED KAMA SUTRA*

GETTING BENT OUT OF SHAPE

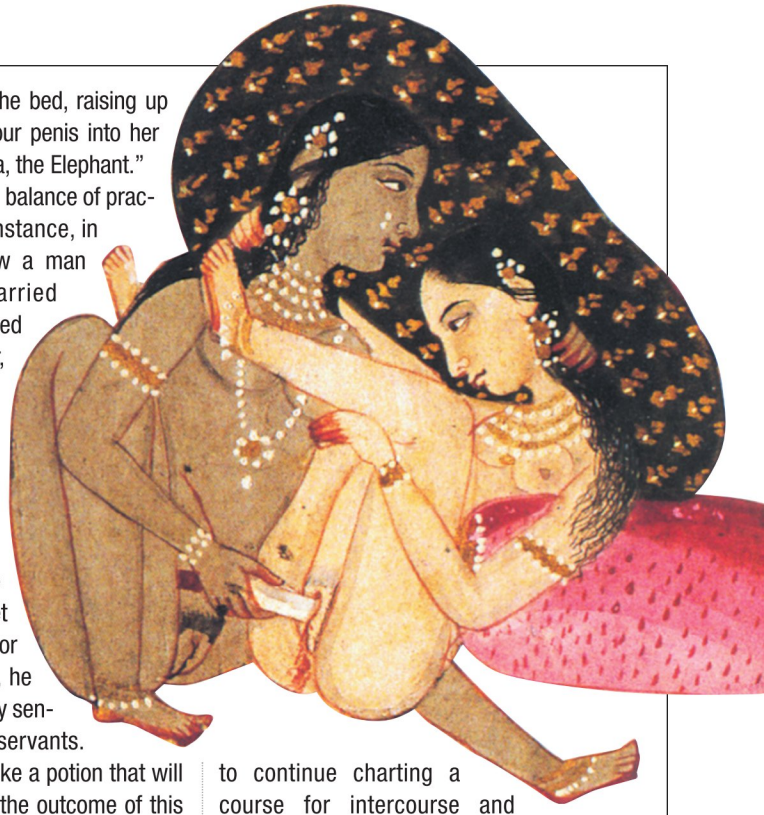
Chopra compliments HUSTLER by writing, "The only [modern] echo of the *Kama Sutra*'s sane regard for pleasure comes in the men's magazines, where the fantasy side of sex is indulged in completely." And while Chopra's *Kama Sutra* is laudable as a quick read—with large, colorful, comic book-like illustrations—Lance Dane has devoted five decades to the collection of artifacts and erotica, making his translation of Vatsyayana's venerable text the standard by which others should be measured.

Regardless of which version one addresses, the *Kama Sutra* is all about linking pleasure and virtue. The original *Kama Sutra* offers 64 positions and a plethora of detailed general advice. These include "Male and Female Passion," "Catalogue of Embraces," "How to Kiss," "Leaving Your Mark," "Battle of the Sexes," "The Woman Playing the Man's Part" (woman on top) and "The Strokes of Love." This last section outlines ten distinct types of penis penetration. (Are you taking notes?) In all cases, the goal is to improve the experience of sex for both (or multiple) partners.

The best material is covered in Vatsyayana's original words, as he describes and prescribes various sexual techniques and positions. Here is where we will find some of the more erotic images. In "The Gentleman and the Swing" the high lama of love writes: "She sits on his lap with her legs raised. With one hand he steadies her; with the other he caresses her breasts while she swings back and forth, faster and faster, until he is in ecstasy."

In "The Elephant," Vatsyayana advises: "While the mistress lies facedown with her forehead and breasts to the bed, raising up her buttocks, you slide your penis into her vagina. This is called Aibha, the Elephant."

There is always a good balance of practicality and humor. For instance, in a section instructing how a man might seduce a married woman, or how a married woman might take a lover, Vatsyayana points out: "Nowhere is as poorly guarded as a harem and no women more accessible than the wives of a king. An enterprising young man can choose any number of ways to get inside. Hidden in a barrel or masquerading as a maid, he can easily get past the lazy sentries and overworked servants. Another possibility is to take a potion that will make him invisible—but the outcome of this [tactic] is uncertain."



Whatever version we embrace, the *Kama Sutra* opens our minds while focusing on every detail and nuance of the sexual act, from flirting to foreplay to tongue play, etc. As such, this merry manual allows us to prolong passion and appreciate sex all the more. It's no wonder that Sting, Jay-Z and a number of other celebrities have recently claimed to use these techniques—in keeping with *Kama Sutra* recommendations—to prolong sex for many hours and, in some cases, days without end. This guidebook to pleasure is sure to continue charting a course for intercourse and companion carnal acts for at least another 2,000 years.

Gordon Richiusa is a freelance writer, teacher and martial artist with 45 years of experience in various disciplines, notably Zen archery, Kenjitsu (sword-fighting) and bojitsu (staff). He has a third-degree black belt in Goju Ryu and in 1990 was awarded a sixth-degree black belt by the infamous Frank Dux, along with the title of "ninja." Richiusa's book Go-Tao-Chi: The Five Principles of Chi discusses similarities of meditative practices, including kama sutra.

BY INDIA'S SACRED SEX MANUAL.

SLASH BURN

GUITAR GOD ROCKS, ROLLS AND WRITES.

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

Slash has rocked the world as the lead ax-slinger for the groundbreaking heavy metal band Guns N' Roses and the equally impressive Velvet Revolver. Following the release of his autobiography, *Slash*, the rock legend—donning his trademark top hat—sat down with Music Editor Keith Valcourt to set the record straight on groupies, *Guitar Hero III* and leaving GNR.

HUSTLER: What made you decide to write a book?

SLASH: It is something I've been asked to do a bunch of times, but I always thought it was sort of self-indulgent and self-important. It just never interested me. There has been a magnitude of attention surrounding Guns N' Roses since I left the band—which is almost 12 years now. There is probably more attention surrounding the band now than when we were actually together.

The last couple of years, no matter what I said, it always got twisted around. People were making up their own stories and writing their own books. It came to a head when the rumor that I had quit Velvet Revolver to join a reunited GNR was treated like a known fact. I needed to write the book and set the record straight. Now people have a source to go to where they can find accurate information. It takes the pressure off me having to answer so many stupid questions on a regular basis.

What makes *Slash* different from other rock 'n' roll bios?

I tried not to get into the sensationalism aspect of it. I tried not to use the book as bragging rights for my sexual exploits. The drug thing was part of my reality, so it's hard to avoid. I put some, but not all, of it in there. I didn't spend a lot of time talking about every time I got arrested.

What do you remember about the night Nikki Sixx overdosed?

At that point I was not sober, but I wasn't using drugs. Usually when I decided to focus on my work, I didn't want to be anywhere near it. My then-girlfriend Sally and I went to the Cathouse strip club one night, where we ran into Nikki, who was with [original GNR drummer] Steve Adler.

At some point we decided to go back to the flat where we were staying and hang out. I went to my apartment with Sally. Nikki, Steven and my pal Mark went to Adler's place next door. I was really drunk and passed out. I was violently awakened by Sally and paramedics.

Nikki had come into my apartment at some point and decided to O.D. I didn't know what was going on. The paramedics took him away. His manager came over early the next morning to get his stuff and looked at me like it was my fault, of course. That is basically the long and the short of what I remember.

The top hat is such a distinctive part of your look. Is it true you stole your first one?

Yeah. I didn't have any money. (*Laughs.*)

Why a top hat instead of maybe a cowboy hat or a fez?

I was walking down Melrose in Hollywood searching for something that looked cool because we had a gig at the Whiskey that night. I went into this store called Retail Slut, which isn't around anymore, and then I saw the top hat.

It just spoke to me. I thought it was cool, so I tried it on. I just walked out of the store with it, figuring if they catch me, what are they gonna do? I had already acquired a poncho belt from a store right next door about 20 minutes before that. When I got back to my apartment, this light bulb in my head came on. I cut the belt up to fit the hat, and it just became that thing. I have always felt more comfortable onstage with it, because I could just pull it down over my face. When dealing with people in public situations, it made it easier for me to hide.

How many top hats do you own?

I have three.

What do the insides of your top hats smell like?

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

That's the first time anyone has ever asked me that. (*Laughs.*) Not too bad. I've never picked one up and caught a bad smell.

What is your best groupie story?

It is sort of a day-in-the-life kind of thing. There were so many chicks hanging around. This one girl in Salt Lake City grabbed me and dragged me onto my tour bus. She was with her boyfriend. She left him outside while she gave me probably in excess of half a dozen blowjobs. She told me that was the only way she could have an orgasm. At some point I said, "But what about your boyfriend?" She said he encouraged her behavior.

So it isn't the time GNR guitarist Izzy Stradlin came on your leg while sharing a girl?

No. That is the only time anything like that happened. The whole groupie scene is just a stream of varied sex. It's not that big of a deal. I think what's funnier is how the girls get there, the great lengths they will go to and the amount of guys they are willing to go through to get there. Shit like that.

What did you spend more money on at the height of your fame: heroin or penicillin?

Heroin. Definitely heroin. As promiscuous as I was, I never had any real venereal diseases. I had crabs and venereal warts once.

Why did you quit Guns N' Roses?

I chose not to continue on. I think it's one of the most important things in the book. It's the honest account of what led to the breakup and why I left. That's something people have taken sort of creative license [with]. They say that Axl [Rose] and I hate each other, or that it was artistic differences, or us being out of our minds on drugs and alcohol.

It really didn't have anything to do with any of that. It had a lot to do with Axl, of course. It also had a lot to do with losing some of the original members and how that really broke up the close bond and important chemistry that made up Guns N' Roses.

What happened was we did a stadium tour for two-and-a-half years. I can count on two hands how many times we showed up on time. That was all because of one guy [Axl], and it was really hard for me to deal with. The riots, or rather what prompted them, wasn't what I considered cool. When the tour ended, there was an even bigger gap in communication between Axl and me. Then he said that he was taking the name and taking over the band and that he was going to rehire us to work under him.

The lawyers and the contracts turned GNR into something that was the opposite of why I got into the band in the first place. It's funny because when we started, we were so against compromise to the industry or anything anyone had to say. No one ever pushed this band around.

What is wrong with Axl Rose?

I'm not here to talk about Axl specifically. In the book I talk about what some of the problems were in general and why I left. I don't want to get into a personal thing with Axl because he is someone that I really respect and admire. He's one of the most talented people I've ever had the pleasure of working with. As a person, he's a great guy. As a performer and a songwriter, obviously he is amazing. Rock 'n' roll should all be great, simple and fun, but there is a side to Axl that is very complicated and not real conducive to getting things done.

What do you think would happen if the two of you bumped into each other?

I have no idea and am surprised that it hasn't happened. The fact that [Velvet Revolver singer] Scott [Weiland] and Axl actually ran into each other in New York was pretty funny. [*Editor's Note: Both singers had a less-than-friendly moment in a New York City club recently.*]

WIN AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF SLASH'S BOOK!
SEE PAGE 19

Ever see the chance of a reunion?

At this point I have no gripes about him or the past. If the situation was such that we got along enough to be able to talk and hang out, then that would be great. But I don't have a crystal ball to tell me what is going to happen.

Do you think *Chinese Democracy* will ever come out?

It will. I can't see any reason why it wouldn't.

Before GNR you auditioned for Poison. What do you think would have happened if you had joined that band?

I don't think I would have lasted. Maybe I might have made it to a few gigs in L.A., but I don't think it would have gone any longer than that. We came from different sides of the fence. I was just an opportunist looking for a gig. I knew going into those auditions that I didn't feel comfortable doing it, but at the time I saw it as a platform for me to get my name out.

You came up in a scene that was rife with big hair and lipstick, basically style over substance, but Guns N' Roses was real. Do you think that is why the group became so incredibly popular?

I think the band was a really good combination of very unique and talented guys who were very honest about what they were doing. We loved playing. We didn't conform to any fads at the time. It was just that true-blue kind of rock 'n' roll that we had. People related to that. The '80s were pretty fucked up as it was. We hated what the '80s was about. We were the only five guys that could have made up this band and become the antithesis to what the hair metal L.A. scene was in 1987.

You did the music for *Guitar Hero III*, but are you into gaming?

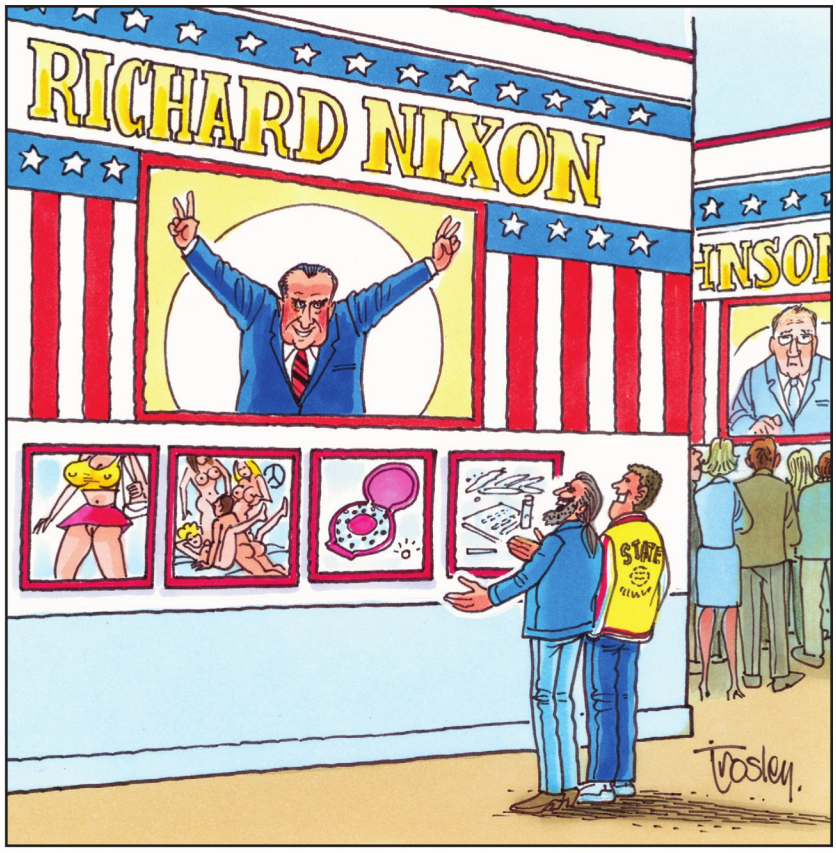
I think *Guitar Hero* is probably the first game I've gotten into since high school. When I went to [L.A.'s] Fairfax High, we used to go over to the hamburger place across the way to play *Asteroids* and *Galaxian*. *Guitar Hero* is right up my alley. I can definitely relate to it. The track list is really good. It's just sort of a different take on what I do in life anyway.

Velvet Revolver is filled with big personalities. How do you all keep it together?

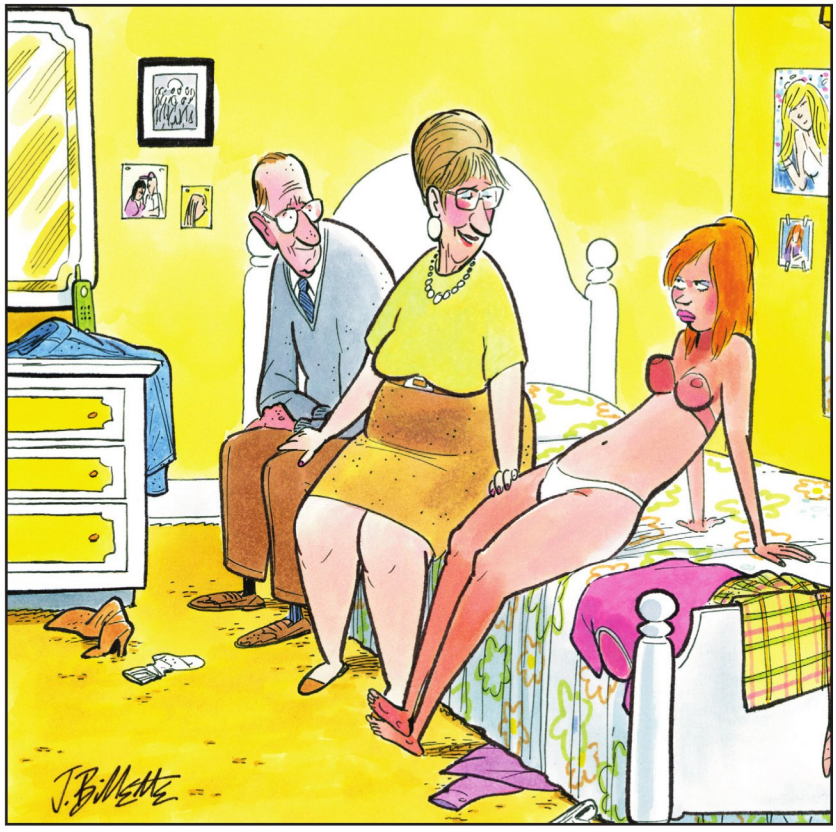
Experience, patience, compassion, patience, maybe a little more patience. (*Laughs.*) It's all a really good bunch of guys to work with. It's still a volatile kind of band, but we all have very similar ideals and that traditional old-school rock attitude.

What do you want your place in rock history to be?

To be remembered as a half-decent guitar player. The rest of it is just stuff.



"Nixon will always be my favorite President. Under his administration we enjoyed miniskirts, no bras, free love, the Pill, weed and coke!"



"I thought it was time we had a little chat about sex, dear.... What lube would you recommend if your father wanted to do me in the ass?"

LIZ ASHLEY

TEXAS TEASE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

Now comes a fresh-as-a-daisy country girl who'll have you reaching for your lasso pronto. "I love being naked," **Liz** chirps right from the gitgo. "There's something about all eyes being focused on me that has always been one of my biggest turn-ons. Besides, I'm a bit of a showoff, so I really enjoy sharing my body, especially my boobs, with anyone who wants a peek."

But don't think for a New York minute that those heavenly mounds are store-bought. "Yes, darling, they're 100% all-natural," **Liz** proudly declares. "You have to remember that *everything* grows bigger in Texas."

Kicking back, **Liz** reveals how she spends time home on the range. "When I'm not modeling and traveling, I really like to enjoy the comforts of my farmhouse," the bra-busting Texan tells us. "I'll fix me some home-cooked food—I love to bake—or curl up by the crackling fireplace with a nice book."

With the right cowpoke to stoke the embers, the frisky filly really goes down on the farm. "I'm a big fan of oral sex—both giving and getting," Ms. **Liz** fesses up. "Most people underestimate the importance of foreplay. I think the best way to show a man how much you care is to give him head. It works the other way around too. A guy who knows how to lick me to orgasm makes me a happy Lone Star lass."

LIZ'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Houston, Texas
AGE: 25
BIRTH SIGN: Aries
HEIGHT: 5-3

Li'l Billy and Susie were ten years old and madly in love. One day the youngsters announced they wanted to get married and first asked his parents for their blessings. Li'l Billy's mother and father thought it was the cutest thing. "Where will the two of you live?" Dad asked.

"In Susie's room," the boy replied.

"Well, how are you planning to support her?" Mom wanted to know.

"My allowance is $15 a week," Billy reminded her. "That's enough for two kids."

His mother smiled. "Sure," she persisted, "but what if Susie has a baby?"

Billy shrugged, then assured both his parents, "We've been lucky so far!"

Question: What does a Jewish pedophile say to his prey?

Answer: "Hey, kid, ya wanna buy some candy?"

Negotiation Prior to the Marriage:

He: Yes. At last. It was so hard to wait.

She: Do you want me to leave?

He: No! Don't even think about it.

She: Do you love me?

He: Of course!

She: Have you ever cheated on me?

He: No! Why are you even asking?!

She: Will you have sex with me whenever I want it?

He: Yes!

She: Will you ever hit me?

He: No way! I'm not that kind of person!

She: Can I trust you?

After the marriage, read this list from the bottom to the top!

Two New York City teenagers from Queens were shooting the shit after school. "My uncle hit the lottery a few months ago, and now he's rich," the first one mentioned. "But I don't know what to get him for his birthday. Tell me, what do you give a guy in Queens who has everything?"

The second teen answered, "A fuckin' burglar alarm."

A surefire way to screw a blonde:

You: "I promise you, honey, the next time you contradict me, I'm taking down your panties."

Blonde: "Oh, no, you're not!"

Question: Why do old people spend so much time reading the Bible?

Answer: They're cramming for their finals.

After months at sea, three sailors were all hornier than a pack of two-peckered billy goats. Once their ship anchored in Thailand, they made a beeline to a local whorehouse that offered $10, $20 and $30 blowjobs.

The first sailor decided to get a ten-buck BJ. Five minutes later he came out with a satisfied grin and told his buddies, "This little princess put chocolate sauce on my cock and sucked it all off! Best blowjob ever!"

Taking out a $20 bill, the second sailor went in and also came out five minutes later feeling ecstatic. "Guys, my girl put chocolate sauce *and* whipped cream on my dick and sucked it all off!" he exclaimed. "What an awesome blowjob!"

Finally, the third sailor took 30 bucks out of his wallet and stepped inside for the deluxe BJ. In less than two minutes he came out looking sick as a dog. His pals asked what happened, and the swabbie replied, "This hot chick put chocolate sauce, whipped cream and a *cherry* on top. It looked so damn good, I ate it myself!"

GRAFFILTHY

Thanks and $50 go to Rebecca S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

ELLEN DEGENERES'S NEW DOG CRISIS
AAARRFFFFF AAARRRFFFF AAARRFF
I'M ALMOST THERE... DON'T COME YET... NOT YETT!
Trosien.

THE SCORPIONS

Still Rocking Like a Hurricane

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

Scorpions mainstays (left to right) Mathias Jabs, Klaus Meine and Rudolf Schenker.

NOBODY ROCKS HARDER than the Scorpions. Nobody! The day after a sold-out show in Los Angeles, we caught up with Klaus Meine, guitarists Rudolf Schenker and Mathias Jabs and bassist Pavel Maciwoda. Now hear what the German-based rockers have to say about leather pants, learning English and the positive power of music.

HUSTLER: How does it feel to be living hard-rock legends?

KLAUS MEINE: Well, it's like you wake up in the morning, take a look in the mirror and you go, "Good morning, hard-rock legend." (*Laughs.*) It feels great. Especially when you play shows all over the world after all these years. It's a privilege. We have so many fans all over the world. We are global players in the best sense of the word.

MATHIAS JABS: That is funny because I was just in the bathroom and looked at the shaving mirror. In the corner it says "ME." In case you don't recognize yourself.

RUDOLF SCHENKER: I actually don't notice anymore because the life became normal for us. Especially because we are not a band who stopped and took a break to go to the beaches of the world. You are a part of it already. That means your life became normal, like you were doing any other job like anybody else. For us now this is a way for us to present our way of living and give people something special.

How many pairs of leather pants do each of you own?

JABS: I just bought a new pair this morning. They are so practical for traveling. We sit on planes a lot. Leather pants, you spill something all over them on the plane and instead of a big deal, you just wipe it off. Thank you very much. There are advantages.

SCHENKER: The good situation is that now they are making very good things with jeans. It is very good because leather somehow, after a while, you have to switch. Then you find some

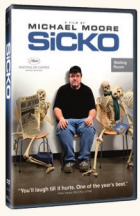
What's So Funny?! A look at the funniest new DVDs

THE COMEDIANS OF COMEDY

Live at the Troubadour

The superstars of alternative comedy (think slightly odd-looking characters saying fucked-up yet funny stuff) gather for this night of hilarious stand-up. Patton Oswalt, Sarah Silverman, Brian Posehn, David Cross, Zach Galifianakis, Maria Bamford and more are included. Lame-ass jokes about mother-in-laws and airplane food are not.

SICKO



Michael Moore's latest documentary shines a light on the very unfunny issue of U.S. healthcare. Smart, insightful and somewhat scary, Moore's follow-up to *Fahrenheit 9/11* will have you reeling with laughter while feeling somewhat queasy about the sad truth.

THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO

The Complete Series

Sing along to the theme:
Believe it or not, the whole show is here.
Every season and extras too-ooo-ooo.
All in a neat collector's tin box.
And a cape to wear.
Believe it or not, it's all here!

THE SIMPSONS MOVIE

If you missed it when America's favorite animated family hit the big screen, don't have a cow. You can now own the DVD. If you're asking yourself "Why should I buy this disc when I can get syndicated *Simpsons* for free on TV every night?" we have four words: full…frontal…cartoon…nudity!

MY NAME IS EARL

Season Two

The sophomore run of TV's funniest white trash offering since *Hee-Haw* is here—all 23 half-hour episodes (plus deleted scenes and bloopers). Highlights include Jaime Pressley and the time Earl's brother hallucinates, turning the cast into animated claymation figures.

BENNY HILL

The Complete Megaset: The Thames Years, 1969-1989

The most prolific funnyman to ever come out of England, Benny Hill brought his trademark bawdiness to TV for 21 years. Now all 58 uncut episodes (including 585 sketches) are packaged in this 18-disc megaset. Every double entendre, every slap on the back of the old guy's bald head, every song (including his theme, "Yakety Sax"), plus hundreds of bikini-clad Hill's Angels are here.

good kind of things, which are still rocking but not leather again.

MEINE: There are jeans that look like leather.

SCHENKER: Yes, which is good for a different texture, different feel. So you don't repeat yourself again and again. It is the same situation with music. We are people from today. We are not living in the past like other people. With this album [*Humanity: Hour 1*] we know that we have fans who are loving the '80s and all that music and clothes, whatever.

Our plan was, we wanted to connect today with yesterday. We enjoy new bands, new clothes, everything. That is more fun to enjoy what is coming up instead of just looking back.

JABS: We have respect for all the times we went through. The fans are more conservative than we are—at least the ones that have stuck with us the whole time. If we would still look like we looked in 1982, I don't know what they were thinking. They just imagined this would be great, but I don't think so. We are not fashion models or the hippest of the hippest. We don't want to be like Justin Timberlake, but we evolve.

The Scorpions, with Pavel Maciwoda (left) on bass, hit Los Angeles.

MEINE: There is a certain rock DNA as far as outfits and the way you dress. We went all the way. There were times in the '80s where it went a little bizarre. That was the '80s, and we were done with that. The way you dress is what you are.

SCHENKER: From when you first start playing, music and clothes were connected. Not because you want to. Just like Elvis.

MEINE: In the very early days I had white trousers onstage. I figured out somehow it was completely wrong.

JABS: Remember the tall boots from the *Tokyo Tapes* [album]? Up to the knee with heels like this in white leather. They looked like he had two broken legs in casts.

MEINE: One of the early bass players wore gray trousers with a crease onstage, which was a total no-no. Fashion plays a certain role. That's for sure.

Is it true that you guys learned to sing in English before you actually could speak it?

SCHENKER: Yeah.

MEINE: A little bit, yeah. I could speak English, but most of it we learned touring. Our drummer back then was a German guy who lived in England. His English was pretty much the best in the band. In the early days we had an international crew. That helped.

Putting on incredible live shows has long been a Scorpions tradition.

MEINE: This band was always a killer live band, and I think that is how we made it in America. Our first tour was opening for AC/DC supporting and Ted Nugent headlining. We went to all the big arenas in America. That's how we started, and we went out there and killed. It took us just two to three years, and then we were headlining big arenas ourselves. Nobody cared that we were a band from Hanover, West Germany. We could have just as easily been from Dubuque, Iowa.

We were just a fucking great live band with the right songs at the right time. We never stopped. We just did shows all over Europe: Paris, London, Athens. For the second leg we went to South America and played shows in Brazil: Recife, Sao Paolo and—for the first time—Manous. We thought, we sing about humanity, so wouldn't it be nice to show some action and play in the rain forest? In the heart of the Amazon and raise some attention for the problems of global warming? There were 30,000 Brazilians in the middle of the jungle going nuts and "rocking like a hurricane." It was fantastic. Then all over Mexico, Canada and the U.S. in support of the release of our new album, *Humanity: Hour 1*.

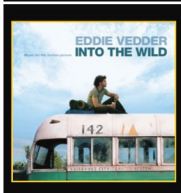
We then came back to L.A., where we recorded another album and played a sold-out show at the Gibson Amphitheatre. We still enjoy and share the same rock 'n' roll dream. The three of us, the original lineup together with Pavel on bass and our American drummer, James [Kottak]. It is still a very powerful live band. *(continued on page 100)*

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

SPANK ROCK & BENNY BLANCO
Bangers & Cash

This modern hip-hop duo carries on the tradition of 2 Live Crew, even sampling their catalog as the basis of this slamming EP release. The five songs gathered here are sure to be in heavy rotation at a strip club near you real soon. Highlights include "Shake That," "PU$$Y" and "B-O-O-T-A-Y."

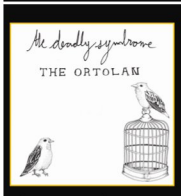


EDDIE VEDDER
Into the Wild: Music for the Motion Picture

The Pearl Jam singer steps out on his own to create the soundtrack to the latest Sean Penn-directed film. Vedder's first solo outing is packed with raw and lush mellow tunes. While nothing here rocks as hard as his band, it's all pretty solid. Eddie, please don't quit your day job.

STANLEY CLARKE
The Toys of Men

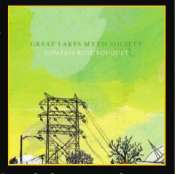
Can jazz actually rock? The latest from Stanley Clarke really does. *The Toys of Men* is a cornucopia of styles and sounds all played to absolute perfection by the bass master and his handpicked crew of top-notch session musicians.



THE DEADLY SYNDROME
The Ortolan

Hey, Arcade Fire fans, your new favorite band is here! Interesting instrumentations collide with David Byrne-esque vocal stylings for startlingly grand results. Listening to this disc will make even the hippest hipster hipper.

GREAT LAKES MYTH SOCIETY
Compass Rose Bouquet



This second album from Michigan jangle-folk is full of microbrew Pogues and collegial Crowded Houses. Mature, mellow, with rooted Midwestern charm and still raising a pint.

—Josh Steichmann

THE PANIC DIVISION
Songs From the Glasshouse

This is a big-sounding CD. Really, really big! Possessing obvious stadium-leaning aspirations and the songs to back them up, the Panic Division has learned to be emotive without falling into the traps of being emo. *(continued on page 100)*

SCORPIONS INTERVIEW
(continued from page 99)

What is the message in *Humanity: Hour 1*?

MEINE: We can't change the world, but in a world that is pretty much out of balance we try to send out some positive energy with music. We use music. Not only just "Hey baby, let's rock," but [also] to make a positive statement. Many fans are expecting this positive message from a band like the Scorpions. When they saw us in the late '80s, we played "Wind of Change" as an anthem to the coming down of the Berlin Wall and the end of communism. We became, for many people out there, ambassadors of rock music. So it's the energy, the healing power of music. That is what we try to bring across to the songs and our music.

On this album there are songs that reflect or portray the darker side on this planet [as well as] songs of hope. With the Scorpions it has always been "We can do this together, and we can get out of this mess that all of us on this planet created." Today is hour one. We are walking on the edge, and we better get our shit together and make it work if we want to see hour two. This is the message: A lot of people are looking for power—in the music and in their personal lives. Power to just survive with their own problems.

Of all the great songs in your vast catalog, which are your personal favorites?

JABS: It is so difficult to just name one. There are at least two, but I have to say "Rock You Like a Hurricane."

MEINE: Well, for the meaning it is definitely "Wind of Change" for the historical and political background. But for being an artist, being a singer? Mathias picked "Rock You Like a Hurricane" already, which I would have picked too. I'd say "Still Loving You" because it's an amazing song for a singer. It's a singer's song, and you have to be out there to pull that off. It's a very powerful song.

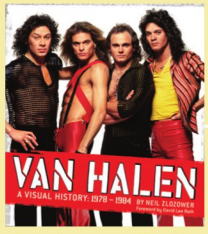
SCHENKER: I would say "Rock You Like a Hurricane" too. But it depends on the situation. It is sometimes different from continent to continent. Here in America it is "No One Like You." That is something that is very special.

MEINE: You see, we a have pretty good balance between the rockers and the ballads.

PAVEL MACIWODA: I love the ballads. I like "Still Loving You," "Send Me an Angel" and "Holiday." I just love them.

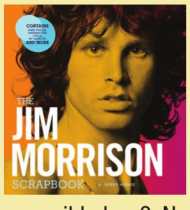
Books That Rock!

VAN HALEN
A Visual History, 1978-1984
by Neil Zlozower and David Lee Roth



Just in time for the greatest reunion tour ever comes this flashy photo book. The hardcover collection features hundreds of full-color images from the band's heyday as seen through the lens of master lensman Neil Zlozower. And, seriously, if you don't catch Van Halen right now, you're missing out big-time!

THE JIM MORRISON SCRAPBOOK
by James Henke

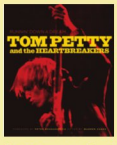


Remember that shoebox of memories you kept from your reckless youth? That mishmash of notes and pictures from your wild days? Now imagine you're the Lizard King, the Doors' lead singer. *The Jim Morrison Scrapbook* is that box—an incredible treasure trove of unreleased photos, rare reproductions of personal notes and handwritten lyrics.

THE REPLACEMENTS
All Over But the Shouting: An Oral History
by Jim Walsh

Until now there had yet to be a comprehensive look at one of the greatest alternative rock bands ever—Minneapolis's favorite sons, the Replacements! An '80s rocker himself, James Walsh hung with the 'Mats from their first gig on. Also sharing memories are former members of the self-destructive group, as well as their closest friends and enemies. It's a quick read that provides nice insight into what made the collaboration of Westerberg, the Stinson brothers and Mr. Mars so brilliant.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
Running Down a Dream
Edited by Warren Zanes



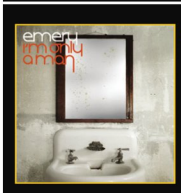
Some would argue that Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers are America's hardest-working rock 'n' roll band. This book mines the group's personal archives to create an accurate and interesting look at their 30-year run. Peter Bogdanovich, who directed the *Runnin' Down a Dream* documentary, wrote the foreword.

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

GINA GERSHON
In Search of Cleo

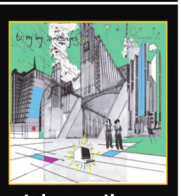
We love actress Gina Gershon so much that if she recorded a CD of her just reading from a phone book, we'd buy it. Luckily, her debut CD—a stripped-down, sexy, smoky and jazzy affair—is much better than that. *In Search of Cleo* is the perfect soundtrack for doing your girlfriend while you're pretending she's Gina Gershon.

EMERY
I'm Only a Man



Shades of Fall Out Boy and the Foo Fighters permeate this energetic and melodic disc. This third release shows the Seattle-based band reaching near-perfection on tracks like "From Crib to Coffin" and "The Party Song."

TO MY BOY
Messages



If we didn't know any better, we would think this was a long-lost album from the 1980s or a collection of early demos from the Killers. *Messages* is full of great, catchy synth pop that would make even Sigue Sigue Sputnik proud.

ILIKETRAINS
Elegies to Lessons Learnt

Listening to the latest from iLiKETRAiNS is a lot like drowning. But instead of ingesting water, you're knocked over by a giant wave of guitars. Instead of your lungs filling with liquid that ends your life, your senses are filled with a calm gray fog that submerges you into a pleasant semiconsciousness. A great listen for rainy days and hangovers.

KILLROY
Football Chants and Angry Rants

These Porn Valley punks—featuring bukkake master Jim Powers on bass—nail the rude, fist-ready sound of bands like Sham 69 and Stiff Little Fingers better than anybody. So if you're sick of the bullshit, put this CD on and start breaking stuff. Oi! —*Mark Johnson*

SHIPWRECK
Rabbit in the Kitchen With a New Dress On

If the Beatles and Pavement decided to get together to record a tribute record to 1980s dark wave acts like Bauhaus, they would be Shipwreck. The band, which had only previously released EPs, finally drops a full-length debut. Embrace the sadness.

LEONARD
DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL BE OUT JOGGING WITH THE PRESIDENT IN NO TIME!
ARMY

MOVIE Mammaries

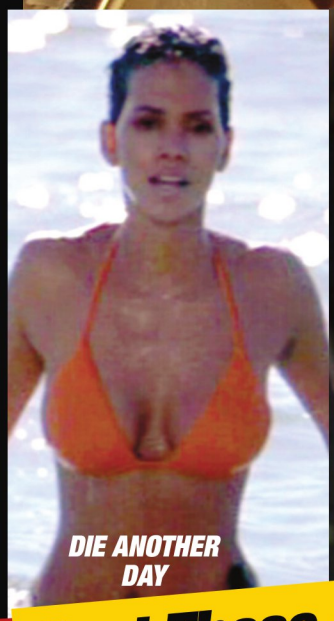
SWORDFISH

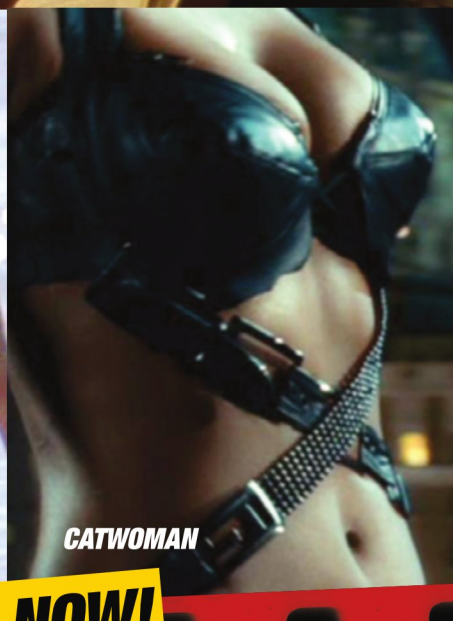
ALL HAIL HALLE BERRY

HALLE BERRY HAS BEEN MAKING A SPLASH on the silver screen for almost two decades now, providing fans with an impressive and bouncing body of work. In 1991 the onetime Miss Ohio USA played a stripper who's not afraid to shake her booty in *The Last Boy Scout*. At the time she was a 25-year-old struggling actress willing to do whatever it took to get noticed. This may explain the many close-ups of the café au lait beauty's bodacious bottom. But it was *Introducing Dorothy Dandridge* (1999) that gave moviegoers their first clear and unhindered peek at Berry's tawny nipples, which briefly pop out during a bedroom battle.

The ensemble cast of 2001's *Swordfish* featured an impressive who's who in Hollywood, including **John Travolta**, **Hugh Jackman** and **Don Cheadle**. Even with all that star power, the real attraction was Halle's hellacious rack being displayed in all its glory for the first time on film. Of course, this eye-catching event was vital to the plot.

The apex of Halle's cinematic work (a/k/a the flick boasting the most nudity and simulated sex) quickly followed in another 2001 release, the ultra-depressing *Monster's Ball*. Berry garnered an Oscar for her portrayal of a woman whose boyfriend (played by rapper **Sean "P. Diddy" Combs**) has been executed. How does the desperate woman deal with her loss? By repeatedly boning one of the dude's death row guards (with **Billy Bob Thornton** doing the honors). Yeah, like that makes sense. If you can get beyond seeing Thornton's scrawny butt as he bangs


DIE ANOTHER DAY


CATWOMAN

Rent These NOW!

HOTEL CHEVALIER

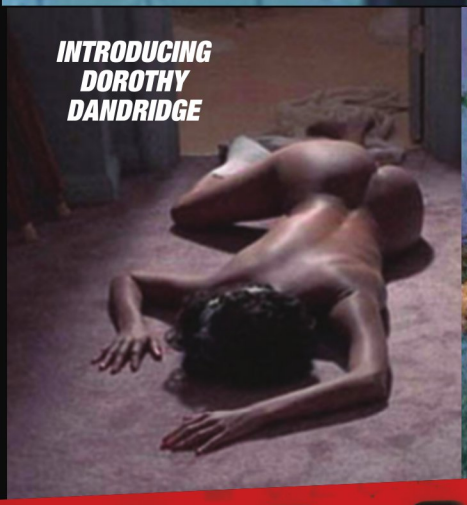
GOYA'S GHOSTS

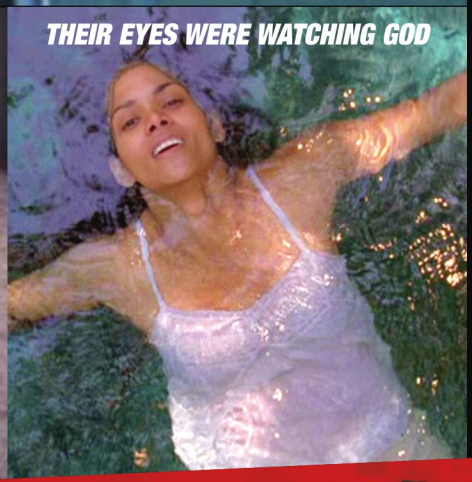
CLOSER

MONSTER'S BALL

THE LAST BOY SCOUT

GOTHIKA


INTRODUCING DOROTHY DANDRIDGE


THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD

a chick ten times hotter and much younger than he could ever get (the **Angelina Jolie** thing was a *total* fluke), this morbid movie will satisfy your own monster balls.

Die Another Day (2002) saw Berry following in the footsteps of generations of dolls who have been eye candy for dapper British secret agent James Bond. She is first glimpsed emerging from the sea à la **Ursula Andress**, the original Bond Girl in 1962's *Dr. No*. Halle's character is appropriately named Jinx, and she puts 007 (**Pierce Brosnan**) through the wringer. The best part is that she does most of it decked out in a tiny orange bikini.

In *Gothika* (2003), Berry plays a patient battling to keep her sanity while trapped in a mental hospital. Since trying to watch the entire film will probably drive *you* crazy, we suggest fast-forwarding to the scene in which Halle ends up lying naked on the floor of a shower.

Sure, the big-screen version of the old comic book character *Catwoman* (2004) sucked, and there wasn't any nudity either. Nevertheless, it did feature Berry scurrying about in some skintight leather outfits that magnificently displayed her remarkable figure.

Now that Halle Berry is knocked up, we assume that the mom-to-be won't be offering up her famous flesh in cinema again. Or at least not for a good while. Alas!

NATALIE PORTMAN: All Grown Up

V FOR VENDETTA

THEY SAY THAT WITH TIME COMES WISDOM. This is especially true vis-à-vis the film career of **Natalie Portman**. The once-modest thespian has finally decided it would be wise to show off a little skin. In her latest flick, *Hotel Chevalier* (2007), Portman takes it all off in a hotel love scene with **Jason Schwartzman**. Previously, this onetime *Star Wars* princess bared her butt in the arthouse presentation *Goya's Ghosts* (2006). Another notable glimpse came in the form of a very nice (and, sadly, very quick) panty flash in the 2005 futuristic thriller *V for Vendetta*. It ain't nudity, but it taint all that bad.

In 2004's *Closer*, Natalie portrayed a stripper who isn't seen taking off her clothes (an alarming trend in Hollywood films). Actually, the sexy leading lady did a few nude scenes, but they were unceremoniously cut from the final edit after Portman begged and pleaded with director **Mike Nichols** not to include them in the theatrical release. Lucky for us, some of those deleted scenes can be briefly seen on the DVD edition of *Closer*.

One look at Natalie's pert nipples and creamy inner thighs makes us wish she had discovered the artistic merit of getting naked a whole lot sooner. We hope now that she is older and wiser, we'll see more of her bare body on the silver screen.

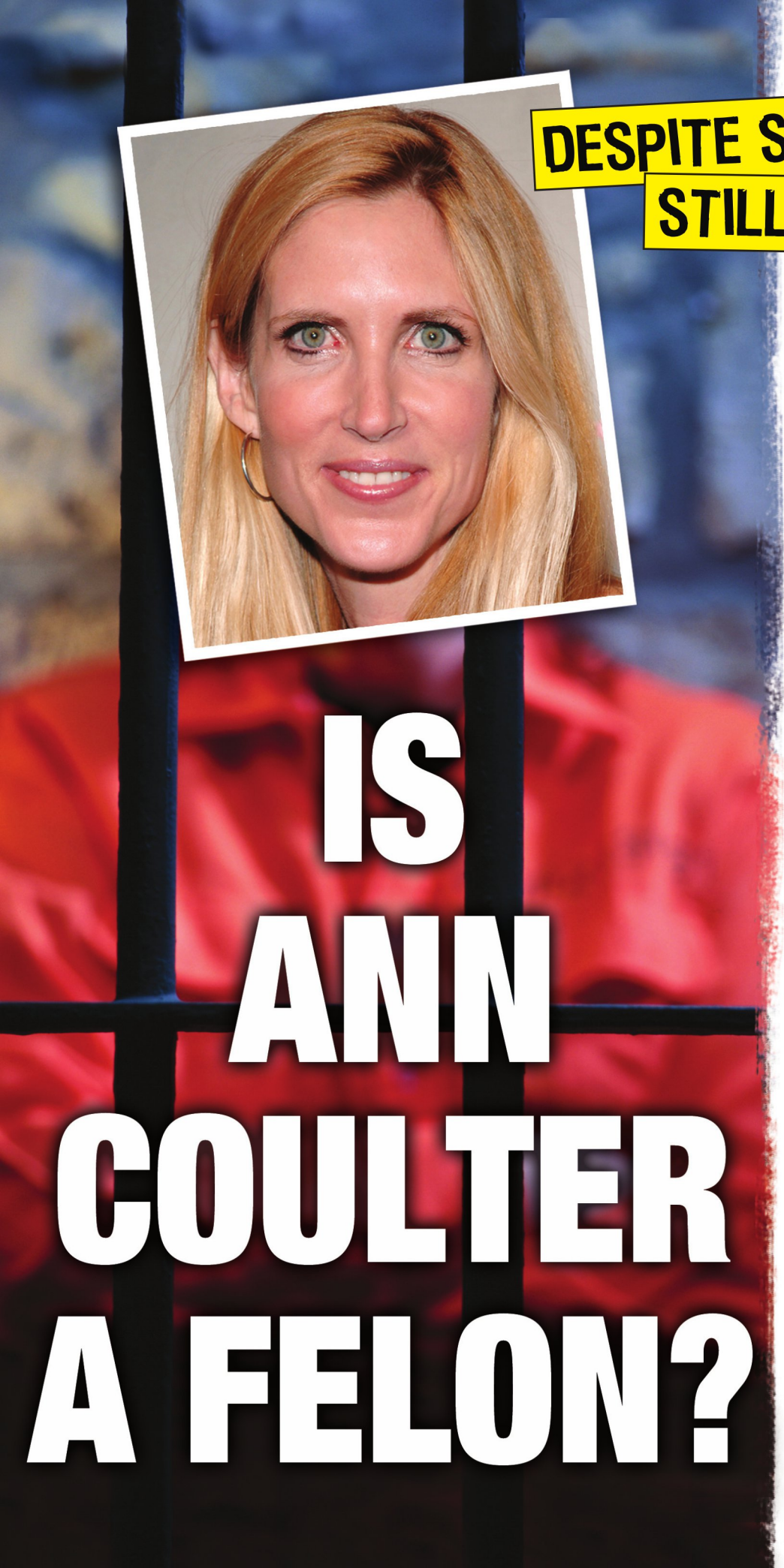
Remember, every month HUSTLER delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' input. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

HEIDI KLUM SEXY PUSSY

SUPERHOT SUPERMODEL HEIDI KLUM shows off a bit more than her whiskers and tail. The wife of singer **Seal** (lucky bastard!) slipped into this skintight getup for a Halloween celebration. Luckily for all, Heidi didn't realize exactly how tight it truly was. The form-fitting number offers a nicely detailed look at the feline's fantastic cameltoe. Meow!

Got any risqué pictures of a famous figure? If you sell them to us, we can show them to the world. You know you want to. So don't delay. Contact us at ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com*** about publishing them.

"It's a new game called *HUSTLER Magazine*. You try to save the Constitution and get laid by porn stars while killing an army of Ann Coulters."



DESPITE SOLID EVIDENCE, STILL NO ARREST!

IS ANN COULTER A FELON?

BY BRAD FRIEDMAN

IT CAN NOW BE PROVEN, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that neocon loudmouth Ann Coulter committed felonious voter fraud in Florida. Perhaps two felonies plus a misdemeanor, according to a report from the Town of Palm Beach Police Department.

Despite a friendly friend of hers in the FBI—who inappropriately interceded into the matter on her behalf—Coulter is guilty. I've got the documents to prove it.

On June 15, 2005, just a few months after Coulter purchased $1.8-million digs near Rush Limbaugh's tony mansion (in part, to escape her many stalkers, according to her publicist), she filled out a voter registration application to become a Florida voter.

After filling out her name and address—but not specifying her gender—Coulter signed the document at the bottom next to an "oath" solemnly swearing that: "All information on this form is true. I understand that if it is not true, I can be convicted of a felony of the third degree and fined up to $5,000 and/or imprisoned for up to five years."

But all the information Coulter included on the form *wasn't* true.

Crime #1: Coulter lied about the address of her new crib at 242 Seabreeze Avenue in Palm Beach. Instead, she declared her "legal residence" to be 999 Indian Avenue—that of her realtor, Suzanne Frisbie.

To compound that initial third-degree felony, Coulter then proceeded to *knowingly* vote at the wrong precinct in a local election in February 2006. Upon showing up at the correct precinct for 242 Seabreeze Avenue, Coulter was told that voters who lived at 999 Indian Avenue were supposed to vote elsewhere.

According to the incident report filed by the Palm Beach Town Clerk, when Coulter came in to vote at the Bethesda by the Sea Episcopal church, the address discrepancy was discovered and reported by a precinct 1198 poll worker. Noticing that the GOP pundit was registered at a different address than her actual residence, precinct adviser James Whited—a Republican—

informed Coulter that she'd have to fill out a change-of-address form in order to vote in the precinct.

"Where would I vote with the address that I have?" Coulter asked Whited. He explained that Indian Avenue residents were to vote at St. Edward's Church, located in another precinct. Coulter then "hurriedly went out the door," according to Whited's report. Although the poll worker tried to catch up with her, it was "to no avail."

Crime #2: A few minutes later, Coulter illegally cast a vote at St. Edward's. According to the Palm Beach Police Department's incident report, doing so was a first-degree misdemeanor.

Crime #3: The PBPD also found that Coulter again used her realtor's address, instead of her own, to obtain a Florida driver's license. That crime is "a felony of the third degree," according to a report by Michael S. Reiter, the Town of Palm Beach's Chief of Police.

"She never lived here," realtor Frisbie admitted to the *Palm Beach Post* when the story first emerged. But that didn't keep Coulter from lying about it. Neither did the fact that I had already confirmed her real address and posted the evidence on my Web site, **BradBlog.com**. Her true address had been publicly available online via the database of the Palm Beach County Property Appraiser's official Web site.

After the news had initially appeared as a small item in the Palm Beach paper and was then subsequently reported on both my Web site and the Huffington Post, a student asked Coulter about the matter during one of her frequent campus lectures. Coulter reportedly replied: "No, I don't live in Palm Beach. Maybe you shouldn't read retarded news!"

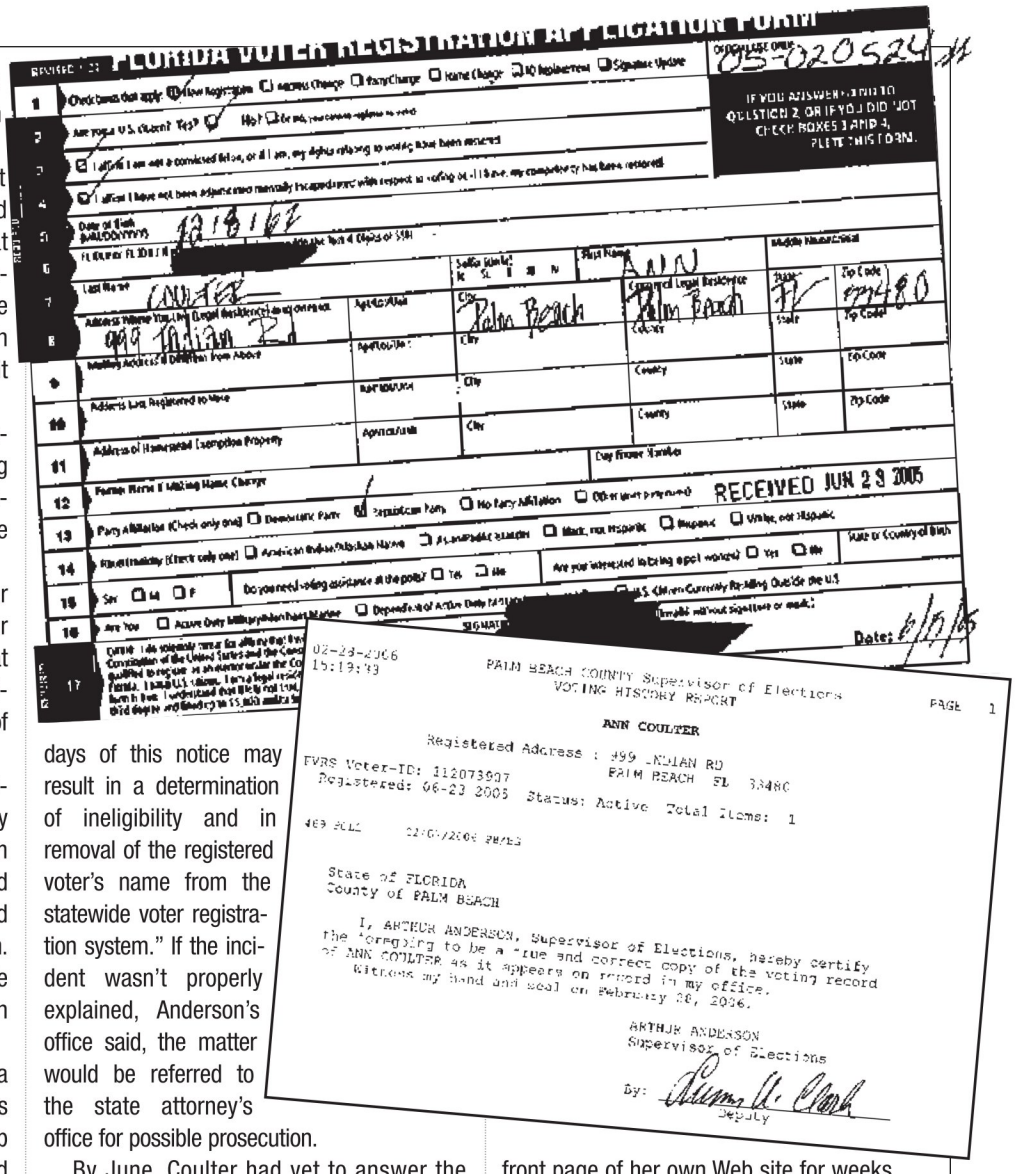
Coulter was equally clever the next time she was publicly asked about the issue, on Fox News' *Hannity & Colmes*. The *New York Times* best-selling author wouldn't even admit that she lived in Florida.

"I think the syphilis has gone to their brains," Coulter yelped when Alan Colmes asked her about the allegations made by the Palm Beach County elections supervisor.

"Did you knowingly vote in the wrong district?" Colmes followed up.

"No, I live in New York," Coulter lied. "…This is all false, I'm telling you."

While saying one thing publicly, Coulter was saying nothing at all to Palm Beach authorities. County Supervisor of Elections Arthur Anderson sent Coulter a registered letter in May 2006—to the Indian Avenue address—warning: "Failure to respond within thirty (30) days of this notice may result in a determination of ineligibility and in removal of the registered voter's name from the statewide voter registration system." If the incident wasn't properly explained, Anderson's office said, the matter would be referred to the state attorney's office for possible prosecution.


FLORIDA VOTER REGISTRATION APPLICATION FORM

05-020524

RECEIVED JUN 29 2005

Date: 6/10/05

02-28-2006 15:19:43 PALM BEACH COUNTY Supervisor of Elections
VOTING HISTORY REPORT PAGE 1

ANN COULTER
Registered Address : 999 -NDIAN RD
FVRS Voter-ID: 112073997 PALM BEACH FL 33480
Registered: 06-23 2005 Status: Active Total Items: 1

State of FLORIDA
County of PALM BEACH

I, ARTHUR ANDERSON, Supervisor of Elections, hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of the voting record of ANN COULTER as it appears on record in my office.
Witness my hand and seal on February 28, 2006.

ARTHUR ANDERSON
Supervisor of Elections
By: Deputy

By June, Coulter had yet to answer the letter. Of course, it had been sent to an address where she didn't live. Nevertheless, Coulter was forced to lawyer up with a powerful Bush-connected law firm, which assigned an ex-Justice Department attorney to her case.

His first action was to condemn the Palm Beach County elections office for not sending *him* a copy of the letter. The lawyer also refused to provide Coulter's correct address. Later he would admit in a letter to the elections office that Coulter had lied about her home address. She *did* live in Palm Beach on Seabreeze Avenue, but was forced to lie about it in public due to the New York stalkers she'd tried to move away from.

Coulter's "stalker excuse" would come in handy later, when her FBI friend would try to save her. For someone who claims to be so paranoid about stalkers, it seems odd that she would post the private, unlisted family phone number and e-mail addresses of one of BradBlog.com's guest bloggers on the front page of her own Web site for weeks.

Lydia Cornell—who'd played Ted Knight's daughter in the 1980s sitcom *Too Close for Comfort* and currently cohosts a Las Vegas morning drive-time progressive talk radio show—wrote an article on my Web site criticizing Coulter. Coulter retaliated by posting Cornell's phone number—which Cornell had sent to Coulter when requesting comment via private e-mail before publishing the article—on her own site. Cornell received multiple death threat phone calls and e-mails from rabid Coulterites. A stranger went to Cornell's home, and her trash cans were lit on fire.

Just prior to the November 2006 election, Coulter flatly refused to cooperate with the elections office's investigation in any way. Elections Supervisor Anderson told the *Palm Beach Post* that Coulter had made "efforts to distract and divert focus on the process regarding this complaint," forcing him to bring the case to the state's attorney, as he had threatened to do months earlier.

Coulter's voting rights, however, were not rescinded before the November general election, as the Palm Beach County Supervisor of Elections gave her every benefit of the doubt.

In December 2006, Anderson was forced to take the case to the PBPD for appraisal after the state attorney—already shell-shocked after being outgunned in his attempt to bring narcotics charges against "Hillbilly Heroine" addict Rush Limbaugh in the same county—declined to take it up, telling Anderson that police action was needed before he could bring formal charges.

Despite their official assessment of an apparent two felonies and a misdemeanor, the police department in the chic Republican town of Palm Beach told Anderson that the crimes in question took place *outside of their jurisdiction,* so it would be unable to do anything about it.

The next stop for Anderson was the Palm Beach Sheriff's Office, where the story would take its most twisted turn: The FBI interceded on Coulter's behalf to get her *off the hook* from her clear and well-documented voter fraud felonies.

Not long after Anderson brought the case to its attention, the Palm Beach Sheriff's Office (PBSO), began its own investigation into the Coulter fraud matter. First-year Detective Kristine Villa, who'd been assigned the case, was contacted by a G-man from the FBI Academy's Behavioral Analysis Unit in Quantico, Virginia. He had a tip for her.

Supervisory Special Agent Jim Fitzgerald wanted to let Villa know that Coulter had a perfectly good reason for lying on her Florida voter registration application: Stalkers were out to get her.

Without bothering to interview Coulter, or the real estate agent who lived at the address Coulter gave on her form without informing her (wouldn't that have put Suzanne Frisbie in grave danger?), the PBSO promptly dismissed the case after the call from Fitzgerald. The unusual interference—and *naming* of the supposed stalker—by a federal agent was wholly inappropriate, especially if there was an ongoing FBI stalking investigation.

The "stalker," according to Fitzgerald, was *yet another Brad Blog contributor!* His name: Dan Borchers, founder of Citizens for Principled Conservatism. This Christian conservative had long been collecting and reporting on information about Coulter. Borchers believes Coulter has betrayed both the Christian and conservative movements through her hypocrisy, hate speech and other behavior unbecoming of someone *claiming* the very virtues that Coulter espouses when necessary for political expedience, but otherwise completely ignores.

"Sounds like a load of bull to me," legal expert Gregg Miller, a professor at Thomas Jefferson School of Law, said. "If [Coulter] were trying to avoid a stalker, she would not have purchased her house in her own name," but would have used a trust or an LLC (limited liability company) to protect herself.

Elections Supervisor Anderson shares Miller's dubiousness. "The whole claim of stalkers was very strange," he told me during an interview not long after the PBSO had dismissed the case. "I found it to be rather ironic that no action was ever taken to conceal her home address, etc., until now that this issue has come up."

Meanwhile, Borchers told me, "As far as I know, there is no investigation against me [for stalking]. Even if there were an ongoing investigation, the FBI is not supposed to release names of those being investigated. I'm an innocent person here, and yet [Fitzgerald] leaked my name with this charge. It's unbelievable."

But while Borchers expressed astonishment at being publicly named as "a stalker" by an FBI agent who offered no evidence for the claim, he did offer one reason why a *federal* G-man would intercede in a case of local voter fraud in a *municipal* election in Florida: "Fitzgerald was Ann Coulter's boyfriend," Borchers alleges.

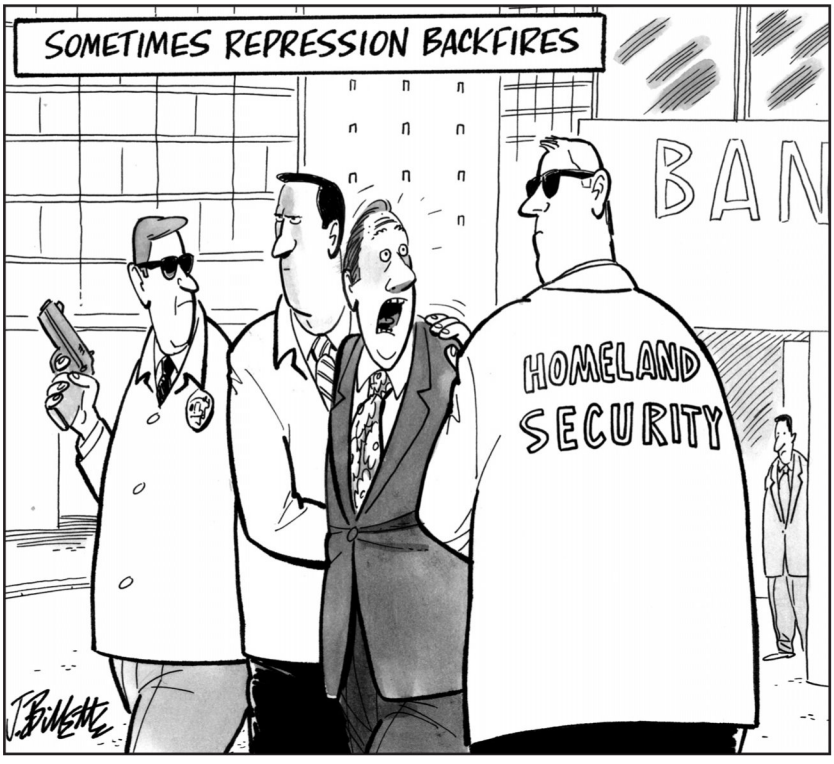
Media critic Howard Kurtz interviewed Coulter for a *Washington Post* profile in October 1998, in conjunction with the release of her book *High Crimes and Misdemeanors: The Case Against Bill Clinton*. Kurtz reported at the time that "Coulter seems to flit from one relationship to the next," describing her recent breakup with Bob Guccione Jr., the son of *Penthouse*'s former publisher. "Now she's involved with an FBI agent," Kurtz added.

"Fitzgerald was Ann Coulter's boyfriend in 1998 and 1999," Coulter expert Borchers claims. "Since then, she has used him as her personal FBI resource for her own purposes."

Borchers recounted a 1999 incident in which he claims he was called by Fitzgerald, who requested a meeting at D.C.'s Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House. There Fitzgerald tried to convince him to let go of a story he'd been working on concerning Coulter's involvement in the Linda Tripp/Monica Lewinsky tapes, which eventually led to Clinton's impeachment. According to Borchers, Fitzgerald admitted he and Coulter were an item.

"He told me that he and Coulter were deeply in love," says Borchers, who alleges Fitzgerald then offered him the opportunity to question Coulter by e-mail in exchange for backing off on the Coulter/Tripp story for a period of time. "He asked for two months," Borchers claims, in order to allow for the completion of two important publishing deals Coulter had been near to closing.

While Fitzgerald now refuses to answer questions



"This is a mistake! You must have the wrong guy! I'm a rich conservative! I voted for George Bush *twice!* I'm all for torture and spying on Americans! I think the war was a *great* idea! Hey, I *love* fascism!"

on the matter—and an FBI spokesperson says an internal investigation has been launched to look into the unusual actions taken by Fitzgerald—hard evidence of his being her former boyfriend is still elusive for the moment.

Anonymous sources have contacted me to corroborate the fact, but they are unwilling to go on record. Since reporting the matter at BradBlog.com, however, neither Coulter, Fitzgerald nor anybody else has denied the charges.

While Anderson ponders whether or not to bring the case up to Florida's Department of Law Enforcement, he was surprised to hear of the boyfriend allegations. "But," he surmised, "if they'd reveal the name of a CIA agent [Valerie Plame], I guess this shouldn't be any surprise either."

Neither is the supervisor of elections' disgust. "I'm not inclined to spend much more time on Ms. Coulter," Anderson added, clearly exhausted from the runaround he's received in trying to find someone, anyone, in Florida with bigger balls than Coulter to take her on.

MORE DIRT

There are two other apparent and related Coulter high crimes and/or misdemeanors that demand further investigation by authorities.

Since Coulter's official public position had been that she doesn't live in Florida at all, it would appear that the outspoken right-winger has also committed tax fraud for claiming a $25,000 Homestead Tax Exemption on her Palm Beach pad. This exemption would only be available to Coulter if the Seabreeze Avenue home were her official primary residence, according to state tax law.

Furthermore, it appears that when Coulter voted at the wrong precinct illegally in Palm Beach, she was still a registered voter in the state of Connecticut, according to voter registration records in that state. Being registered to vote in two different states is also a crime. Why Connecticut and not New York, where she had previously lived and told Fox News that she still did? The answer lies only inside Ann Coulter's twisted mind.

Law professor Gregg Miller adds that Coulter, an attorney herself, should know better than to lie on official public legal documents. "I teach legal ethics, and believe that Ms. Coulter disgraces the legal profession with nearly everything she says," Miller declares.

Now that *proof* exists Ann Coulter committed the felonious act of voter fraud, it's time for the law to hold her accountable. But why is it so difficult to find a cop in Palm Beach when you need one?

Editor's Note: At press time, the Florida Elections Commission announced that it was declining to press charges against Coulter due to the expiration of a two-year statute of limitations. Critics called the decision "arbitrary" and said it showed the commission's unwillingness to enforce the law.

"Guys, the lady seems to have little interest in a clusterfuck. Plus, she says no to the blowjobs."

SPANISH FLY GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

SOCHEE MALO

Determined to make her mark in showbiz, this red-blooded Spaniard recently stepped foot in Southern California. "I've come to America in hopes of becoming the new Penélope Cruz," proclaims dreamgirl **Sochee Malo**, who has a pair of roles on her résumé as a mainstream actress back in her native land. "I think I have the looks and the talents to make it. Plus, my accent isn't as annoying as hers."

Looking at the statuesque beauty in the buff is anything but annoying. “I realized once I got here that you have to make your own breaks and get exposure,” **Sochee** continues. “That’s why I decided to do a little nude modeling. I hope that some producers may see my photos and want me—for work I mean! This was a big step for me since I’m very shy normally. I didn’t even lose my virginity until I was 18.”

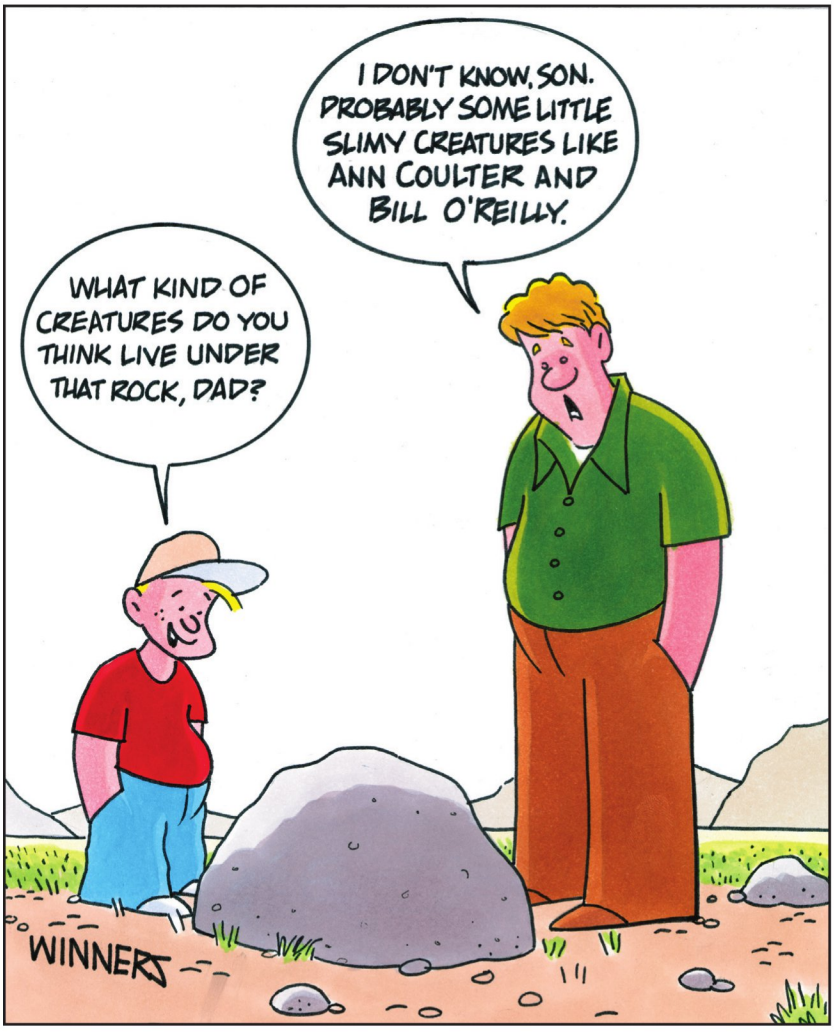
Well, since she brought it up…

"My sex life has always been a very private thing," Ms. **Malo** admits. "I'm not one to kiss and tell, but if I'm dating you, I will kiss you all over. I'm very passionate in every aspect of my life. Most Spanish women are."

SOCHEE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Barcelona, Spain
AGE: 26
BIRTH SIGN: Gemini
HEIGHT: 5-10

The kissable señorita has one passion that may lead to yet another. “It’s a cliché,” **Sochee** adds, “but I love to dance. I’m a very good tango and salsa dancer. I also find that dancing tells a lot about a guy. It’s true what they say: If a man can move on the dance floor, he can get the job done in the bedroom.”


I DON'T KNOW, SON. PROBABLY SOME LITTLE SLIMY CREATURES LIKE ANN COULTER AND BILL O'REILLY.
WHAT KIND OF CREATURES DO YOU THINK LIVE UNDER THAT ROCK, DAD?
WINNERS

(continued from page 52) James 67X said, "You just didn't know Malcolm. And Malcolm was adamant about this." We uncovered some unredacted FBI internal memos, as well as obtained a copy of the grand jury testimony pertaining to Malcolm's murder trial. That's helped us enormously in reconstructing events.

There's a third group that wanted to see Malcolm silenced: several individuals who were closest to him, in his own organization. They had conflicting motives. Some had deep animosity toward Malcolm for personal, political and ideological reasons. They disagreed with the new direction Malcolm was taking. Remember, a lot of these people had been dyed-in-the-wool NOI members who left out of loyalty to Malcolm, but really did not agree with his new political orientation. For example, speaking at Socialist Workers Party venues, emphasizing that all his life he had believed the struggle was between black and white. Now he knew that the struggle was between the haves and have-nots.

Malcolm reaches out to Che Guevara; he wants Che to speak at the Audubon in 1964, when Che addressed the U.N. He reaches out to Fannie Lou Hamer and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. He reaches out to the Civil Rights leadership in New York City and supports school efforts at quality education and desegregation. In early February '65 he went to Selma, Alabama, where King is leading the fight for voting rights. He tells Mrs. King, "I'm not here to disrupt anything. I'm here out of solidarity with Dr. King and please tell him"—because Martin's in jail at the time—"let him know that I'm here. I'm only trying to make his job easier, because if white people actually are afraid of me, maybe they'll listen and deal with Dr. King."

After Malcolm returned from Mecca, he was asked if he'd work with whites. He said, "If they're willing to act like old John Brown."

(*Laughs.*) That's Malcolm. Malcolm wants to approach things, not as a politician, but as a man pursuing a vision of a just society, empowering black people by any means necessary.

Did we leave anything out?

You are incredibly detailed and interesting because it is very rare that I find people who know as much. Along with the interview I did with *Democracy Now*'s Amy Goodman, this has been the most detailed and substantive opportunity I've had to talk about the meaning of Malcolm X and his extraordinary life.

My book's working subtitle—*A Life of Reinvention*—refers to a man absolutely fearless in challenging himself, being critical of himself, to pursue the truth as he understood it, to fight for justice for his people—and his willingness to try different strategies. Sometimes they were in error, and he came to realize that and was highly self-critical. That's the kind of leadership of courage we sorely need.

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

SORROW & REMEMBRANCE

The University of South Carolina copes with a deadly blaze that kills seven students.

Six University of South Carolina students and one Clemson University student perished when a weekend getaway to a resort haven turned into a hellish nightmare. At around 7:00 a.m., October 28, a fire engulfed a rented beach house at Ocean Isle Beach, North Carolina. According to AP, the town's mayor, Debbie Smith, said, "Investigators believe the fire was probably accidental and started in the rear…either on or near a deck facing a canal. That side of the home appeared to be the most heavily damaged. Most of the victims were found in the home's five bedrooms."

PHOTO BY LIZZY SHEPPARD

A USC student signs a poster later placed at a Greene Street memorial to those killed in the beach house tragedy (right photo).

Among the six students who escaped from the inferno was Tripp Wylie, who appeared on ABC-TV's *Good Morning America*, relating how he saved his life by leaping from an upper-floor bedroom into the canal. Wylie also discussed his friends who'd lost their lives.

Killed were USC students Justin Anderson, Travis Cale, Lauren Mahon, Cassidy Pendley, William Rhea and Allison Walden, plus Clemson's Emily Yelton. Many belonged to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity and Delta Delta Delta sorority. Some knew each other from high school in Greenville, South Carolina. The USC campus, located in Columbia, mobilized to pay tribute to the lost.

According to *Gamecock* staff writer Travis Frayard, sorority and fraternity members solemnly filed into the Russell House Ballroom, followed by families of the late USC students, for an October 29 memorial service. SAE chapter president Jay Laura said what happened was a "unique and unfortunate" event that brought out the best in the Greek community and student body. Tri-Delta chapter president Lauren Hodge said her sorority sisters promise to love one another.

Staff writer Katie Jones reported that on November 1, hundreds of students wore black as part of the "South Carolina Day of Mourning."

"I'm wearing black today to show my sympathy and compassion towards those…lost in the fire," second-year nursing student Molly Head said. "Wearing black is a symbol of honor to these victims whose lives were cut so short. I hope others realize how precious life really is."

PHOTO BY JESSICA BELTMAN

Mourners gather for a candlelight vigil at the Greek Village. Many of the victims and survivors were fraternity or sorority members.

Many wearing black didn't personally know the victims. "You might not have known them, but they're fellow students, fellow Gamecocks," second-year business student Stephanie Wieland said. "It's sad and …hard to deal with. I hope it never happens again."

PHOTO BY CRISTINA KUBICKI

Frayard found the mood was somber November 1 as family, friends, staff and students came to pay their respects with a walk from the business building to a Greene Street memorial. The words "Forever to Thee"—a lyric from USC's alma mater—stood out in black block letters on a white banner, surrounded by hundreds of signatures.

Alishia Pressley, a fourth-year management and marketing major, didn't know any of the students, but signed the banner. "It touched my heart," Pressley said. When you "go away for a weekend to have fun, you never think that you could die."

At 4:00 p.m. the banner was lifted by two students and carried proudly out of the business building, the congregation following. Others left flowers and notes at the Greene Street memorial. As the procession of about 30 people continued, other students joined the memorial walk. By the time they reached Greene Street, the marchers numbered 100. The banner was placed on a stand as the assembled bowed their heads in a moment of silent remembrance.

AP reported USC's football team honored the deceased by wearing stickers emblazoned "Forever to Thee" on their helmets during the Gamecocks' November 3 game at Fayetteville against the Arkansas Razorbacks. Linebacker Marvin Sapp told *Gamecock* Sports Editor Alex Riley: "Seeing the Virginia Tech thing, it increases our role on campus. We can play an important role in going out there and putting ourselves on the spirit of this tragedy."

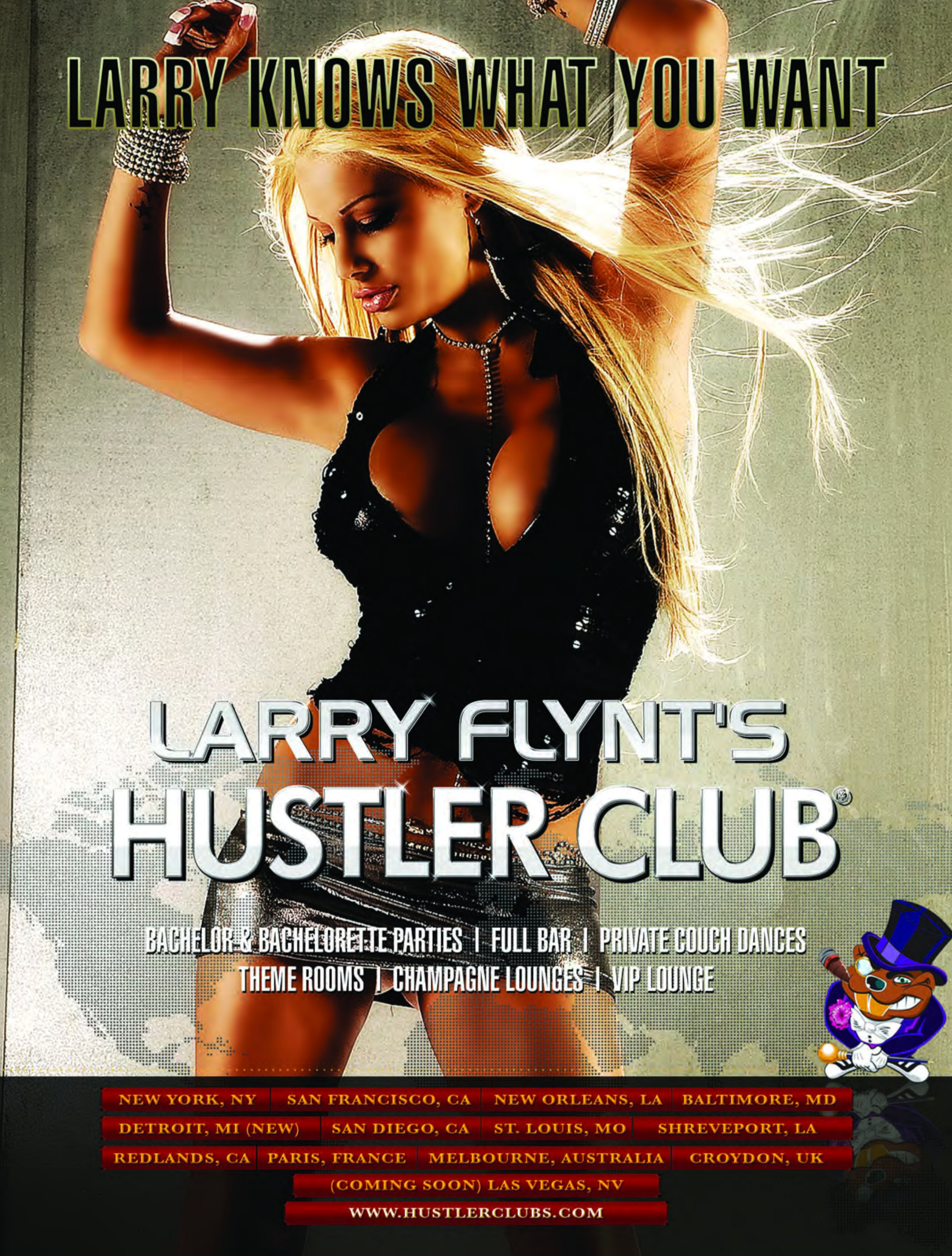
Sapp added, "I've seen some real supportive nature in the campus. The one good thing that comes out of tragedies is people coming around, rallying for support. It brings lots of love out."

Chelsey Karns reported the official university community memorial service was scheduled for November 7, after all the students' funerals had been held. "We felt like we needed one final service," said Anna Edwards, assistant to the associate vice-president for student affairs. "You memorialize, and then you move forward." The service is how "the USC community can bring finality to this and provide the hope for moving on," she said.

Reported by Travis Frayard, Katie Jones, Alex Riley and Chelsey Karns; reprinted with permission of The Daily Gamecock (**DailyGamecock.com**).

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

STUCK ON AN ISLAND WITH ANN COULTER: DAY TWO
Wasley.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DAVILYN

"Taking off all my clothes for pictures sounded like a fun thing to try," reckons Davilyn, 22, who's literally getting her feet (and the whole kit and caboodle) wet as jim-dandy eye candy in Larry Flynt's flagship mag. A freshman at Canada's **CDI College,** the enticing denizen of Winnipeg radiates youthful femininity, but she isn't strictly a girlie girl. "I love camping, fishing and hunting for white-tail deer and moose," Davilyn informs us, but that's not all the 5-foot-4 cutie pie has in her crosshairs. "I mostly sleep with guys now," the "freaky in bed" switch-hitter reveals, "but I'm always thinking about pretty girls with little titties and a nice ass." Wrapping things up, the Manitoban darling shares her favorite amorous endeavor. "That would have to be 69!" exclaims Davilyn, who yearns "to have sex in the back of a 1969 El Camino rolling down Winnipeg's Portage Avenue on cruise night." —Photos by Friend

Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us some naughty pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow instructions in model release on page 145 and indicate ***Real College Girls*** on submission envelope.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MA

*Hillary Scott gets **Upload**-ed.*

Upload this! Sandra Romain lends a hand as Eva Angelina jacks into the sex dimension.

Upload

SEXZ PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** ELI CROSS. **STARRING:** HILLARY SCOTT, EVA ANGELINA, TRINA MICHAELS, ADRIANNA NICOLE, JULIE NIGHT, SANDRA ROMAIN, KYLIE IRELAND, DELILAH STRONG, LORELEI LEE, MADISON YOUNG, DERRICK PIERCE, EVAN STONE & TYLER KNIGHT.

At press time this four-disc extravaganza had racked up 22 *AVN* Award nominations and was on track to grab a record number of trophies. So does *Upload* deliver? Yes. The four-hour sci-fi blockbuster is a virtual feast and comes with two bulging discs of extras. (A saturated market can be very good for the consumer.) The *Matrix*-flavored plot has Eva Angelina as some sort of Homeland Security cybercop jacking into a virtual fuckland full of "sex sims" and crossing paths with horny hacker Tesla (Hillary Scott). It'll take you a couple of viewings to figure out what the hell's going on, but in the meantime you'll be dazzled by the glossy effects and scorching sex. *Upload* is studded with porn athletes at the top of their game pulling off intense multiple penetrations. (Even fisting gets a welcome revival.) The flick is also blessed with a director who knows how to shoot this stuff. (There's some fine lighting and camerawork here, even if it's overdone at times.) Eva is a talented cock jockey who also manages the reams of dialogue fairly well, giving her cyberjunkie character a good blend of sensual and sassy. As for the rubber-sphinctered Hillary Scott, has she ever let us down? Sure, *Upload* takes itself a little too seriously, but the way things are going, our future police state will probably look a lot like this—and so will our porn. As Eva says at the end, "Everything we know is about to change." Welcome to the depraved new world. ***—Mark Johnson***

Marie Luv wraps her lips around a juicy role as an out-cold Jazmine Cashmere waits for **Ransom**.

Kianna Jayde and Raven Sky round out **Ransom**'s bubble-butt contingent.

Ransom

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTOR:** BISHOP. **STARRING:** JAZMINE CASHMERE, MARIE LUV, KIANNA JAYDE, RAVEN SKY, JACKIE BROWN, TYLER KNIGHT, LEE BANG & NAT TURNER.

Grindhouse comes full circle! Quentin Tarantino ripped off all he could from blaxsploitation; now black porn is takin' it back and hittin' that shit harder! With two of the hottest names in the biz—Marie Luv and Jazmine Cashmere—the gritty *Ransom* is being touted by West Coast as its biggest movie ever. It also might be its most confident, showing the balls to start with a ten-minute, no-sex scene and giving the players plenty of chances to show off their acting chops. A young gansta recalls how he got roped into a kidnapping caper, with steamy ghetto gal Marie Luv as the driver. Suspense? Hell, yes! We can't wait to see Marie fuck his brains out in the back of her van. The tight and tawny Luv has never looked better getting her holes stuffed. Meanwhile, one of the thugs gives Cashmere a solid banging before coldcocking her as part of the ransom scheme. Light-brown beauty Cashmere isn't quite the dick addict Marie is, but her boobs and general plump provide plenty of welcome bounce. In a standout scene the thug bangs Marie over Cashmere's unconscious body (who hasn't wanted to do that?) before his cohort accidentally blows a bullet through fuckdoll Luv. In an eerie moment of common sense, Cashmere makes a plea to "call the shit off," but nobody listens. The message: Don't do jacked-up shit and get whacked. Just whack off instead.

—M.J.

"I love you, Quentin!" **Ransom**'s Jackie Brown does her best Pam Grier.

Harem scare 'em: **ODS**'s Nakita Kash and Lorena Sanchez cavort for guess who?

Operation Desert Stormy: *Austin Kincaid, Veronica Rayne, Audrey Bitoni and Eva Angelina rock the casbah.*

Melissa Lauren helps Tommy Gunn violate Arab law.

***Desert** fox: **Stormy** Daniels works both sides of the camera.*

Operation Desert Stormy

WICKED PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** STORMY DANIELS. **STARRING:** STORMY DANIELS, JENNA HAZE, AUDREY BITONI, AUSTIN KINCAID, EVA ANGELINA, KAYLANI LEI, LORENA SANCHEZ, MELISSA LAUREN, NAKITA KASH, NICOLE SHERIDAN, ROXY DEVILLE, TORY LANE, VERONICA RAYNE, RANDY SPEARS, STEVEN ST. CROIX, VOODOO, MARCUS LONDON, TONY DE SERGIO, TOMMY GUNN & RON JEREMY.

Stormy Daniels, already a legend in front of the camera, proves her chops as an ace director in this epic spy spoof. As a bickering husband and wife, Stormy and Steven St. Croix are an expert comedy duo, with St. Croix in particular grabbing the opportunity to turn in a slapstick performance worthy of Will Ferrell with a hard-on. When plucky secretary Stormy takes off on a Mideast mission implausible to head off some America-hating terrorists, she ends up face to face with porn studs in turbans. Guest star Ron Jeremy, as despot Hussein, finally gets to relive the kind of corny stuff he did in his heyday. Stocked with running gags and hot vignettes (e.g., Jenna Haze as a butt-fucking lab assistant), the flick does a great job of juggling jokes and jack-off fodder. It's true that Wicked's recent blockbusters haven't been the kind of contortionist hole-drillers they could be, but what the fuck scenes lack in intensity they make up for in A-list eye candy. (If you can't pop to a palace full of horny harem hotties, see a doctor.) *Operation* is a goofy, sexy romp for fun-loving couples—and just the thing for everybody who thought *The Naked Gun* should have gotten an Academy Award. ***—M.J.***

Havana Ginger takes on all cummers in **Sexual Cat Fights #3.**

***SCF3**'s Claire Dames (center) distracts ref Rachel Luv (top) as Desire Moore (bottom) screws the rules.*

Sexual Cat Fights #3

NASTY LADIES PRODUCTIONS/LFP VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** BARRY DAVID. **STARRING:** SAVANNAH STERN, CASSIDY CLAY, RACHEL LUV, CLAIRE DAMES, LENA RAMON, DESIRE MOORE, HAVANA GINGER & MAE VICTORIA.

Remember that *Seinfeld* episode when Elaine says guys like catfights because they think the girls might kiss? Well, this flick must be what she was talking about! Nasty Ladies Productions clearly takes the words *fighting dirty* seriously, but unfortunately the smuttiest rumbles here are pretty tame. Even wondrously endowed Havana Ginger seems unwilling to take down her white-bitch rival (although she obviously could). Instead, the Cuban hottie is willing to throw the fight for some finger action. But hold on, sports fans! Is that Havana turning the tables with a strap-on? Yes! And with those boobs, she wins by technical knockout! The final bout—featuring Cassidy Clay and two other combatants—is worth waiting around for, but overall *SCF3* could have profited from some tighter direction and a better sense of where to point the camera. Still, there's something weirdly mesmerising about naked chicks fingering and eating each other out in a wrestling ring. So if you're looking for a new twist on the all-girl theme, you could do a lot worse. ***—M.J.***

*There's no bad way of **Entering Nautica Thorn.***

Entering Nautica Thorn

NAUTICA THORN PRODUCTIONS/LFP VIDEO. **DIRECTORS:** NAUTICA THORN & PAYASO SANCHO. **STARRING:** NAUTICA THORN, KIMBERLEY KANE, KELLY WELLS, TYLER FAITH, NICK MANNING, JUSTICE YOUNG, ALEC KNIGHT, JAY HUNTINGTON & JAY LASSITER.

Hot off her bit part as a lap dancer in the Hollywood hit *Knocked Up*, Nautica Thorn assures her fans that she's not done with XXX by a long shot. Five years into the biz, the half-Japanese Hawaiian hottie still looks fresh as a lotus. And, showing her business savvy, she's now making flicks through her own company and using Larry Flynt's distribution muscle to get them out to her fans. Stripping her approach down to the gonzo bare bones, Nautica wastes no time breaking out her sweet little tits and tight body and jumping onto the nearest dick. With most gals, the string of standard positions would get old fast, but Thorn's panting and whimpering are strangely addictive. Playing loosely with a surveillance theme, Nautica lets us spy on her make-out session with Tyler Faith and gawk at her gape-talented pal Kelly Wells. Nautica wields a camera with one hand and rubs her pussy with the other as Kelly shows off her anal acrobatics. Hold off if you can for the last—and hardest—scene. Ms. Thorn takes on two guys, showing them why her devotees swear that once you enter Nautica, you'll never want to leave. ***—M.J.***

FEAST YOUR EYES

HUSTLER HARDCORE VAULT MARKS AN XXX-TREME YEAR

LAUNCHED IN 1999, Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Video has turned out an average of 200 full-length DVDs per year and ignited dozens of porn careers.

With blockbuster lines drawn from the pages of Flynt's magazines—such as *Barely Legal*, *Busty Beauties*, *Taboo* and *Asian Fever*—HUSTLER has used the power of its famous brand to become one of the industry's premier video producers and distributors.

In early 2007, HUSTLER unleashed the *Hardcore Vault* compilation series. Announcing the launch, HUSTLER's Dustin Flynt said, "I always wanted to do a series where Larry is involved with picking out the best of the best, similar to how he chooses the layouts for HUSTLER Magazine."

Featuring some of the hottest, hardest content from HUSTLER Video's first five years—such as early scenes by A-list lovelies Lacie Heart and Tory Lane and anal queens Kelly Wells, Hillary Scott and Sandra Romain—the *Vault* recently marked its first anniversary on the shelves as a must-have treasure trove of legendary action.

Now HUSTLER readers have a chance to win a full set of *HUSTLER Hardcore Vault*'s first ten volumes. That's over 25 hours of premium porn! Fill out the form below and watch the pages of HUSTLER for more DVD giveaways.

DVD GIVEAWAY ENTRY FORM

To get the chance to win *HUSTLER Hardcore Vault #1-10*, just fill out the form below (or put your name, address, age, e-mail address and signature on a postcard) and send it to DVD Giveaway #1, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

E-mail Address _____ Age ____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by May 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. HUSTLER will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. HUSTLER will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

Swallow My Children, please! Daisy Tanks gets her morning cream.

*Jocelyn Jayden and Whitney Stevens (below) are sloppy **Swallow**-ers.*

*Chavon Taylor supports No **Children** Left Behind.*

See exclusive on-set piXXX from Rob Rotten and Jim Powers's new punk epic ***Little Runaway 2***, starring Daisy Tanks and Heather Gables, in our next issue!

Swallow My Children

LOADED DIGITAL/METRO INTERACTIVE. **DIRECTOR:** ROB ROTTEN. **STARRING:** SASHA GREY, DAISY TANKS, BRITNEY STEVENS, WHITNEY STEVENS, FAYTH DELUCA, CHAVON TAYLOR, MARSHA LORD, ALLISON PIERCE, LEIGHLANI RED, ROXY DEVILLE, LAURIE VARGAS, JOCELYN JAYDEN, HEATHER GABLES, KAYLEE LOVE COX, MERCEDEZ SANTOS, BRANDI & A BUNCH OF DICKS.

Rob Rotten's blowjob jamboree opens with a repulsive old drunk mangling the movie's title, followed by a Hollywood hillbilly throwing garbage cans at Sasha Grey. The message is clear: This is trash. The high points, if they can be called that, are the purple-haired Daisy Tanks and comely filth queen Heather Gables. All the cum receptacles in this cast are better than the flick they're in, so be grateful for the weird mindfuck called low self-esteem. But beware: Rotten digs the gag reflex, so the wino pops up after almost every pop shot. You might still be hanging onto your dick when his bloated face fills the screen. *Swallow My Childen* is full of goofy shit (like a dick in a pizza box and a girl who'll climb onto a roof to blow a roofer), so suck on some nitrous oxide before you pop this in, and you'll think it's a cum-sucking masterpiece. You even get the finger-fun bonus "Little Solo Sensations" featuring the same cast—and the Stevens sisters whacking off together. It'll all make you wonder why Rob Rotten is making porn and you're still mowing lawns. **—M.J.**

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Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if you can get HUSTLER TV.

*See Ryaan Reynolds this month in **Barely Legal: Bachelor Party** exclusively on HUSTLER TV.*

ISLAND FEVER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

MAYA GATES & TOMMY GUNN

This lovely lady is dreaming…or is she? Maybe **Maya** is under the spell of a voodoo witch doctor or maybe she's contracted the dreaded island fever. What is that? We're glad you asked.

TIKI'S BY TIKI RAY. SEE MORE AT TIKIRAY.COM

Known in medical circles as scrub typhus, island fever is a debilitating disease that is passed to humans bitten by an infected tick, mite or chigger. (The name *scrub typhus* came about because the host vermin primarily inhabit heavy vegetation along sandy coastal areas.) Without treatment—typically the antibiotics tetracycline or chloramphenicol—approximately 30% of victims die.

Island fever is somewhat of a misnomer. While residents of Pacific islands are most vulnerable, the disease also surfaces on the mainland of Southeast Asia as well as in Pakistan, Australia and the Korean Peninsula.

Early symptoms of island fever begin to emerge anywhere from six to 14 days after a bite from a carrier insect. These include an extremely high fever (around 104 to 105 degrees Fahrenheit) that tends to be accompanied by a severe headache. Swelling in the lymph nodes is frequently manifest about a week into the illness, at which time a rash may also appear. In rare cases, island fever may also affect the central nervous system, causing delirium, impaired speech or hearing difficulties.

Rustler II

A successful vaccine for island fever hasn't been developed, but wearing long-sleeved shirts and full-length pants may cut down the risk of contracting the disease in areas where it is known to exist. Use of insect repellents containing DEET also reduces the risk of a bite. Even with these interventions, it is possible to contract island fever. Unfortunately, there is no totally effective prevention protocol.

"And, Senator, the best thing is she can't rat you out to Larry Flynt!"

APRYL

"I love sexy, fast cars with lots of muscle," purrs this "bisexual, imaginative and free-spirited" Oklahoma City housewife. "Nothing tops the vibrations you get sitting in a car with lots of power, except to enjoy those vibrations with a cock deep in my mouth. Giving oral is my favorite delight." Born in 1969, an epic year for classic-auto buffs, Apryl marvels, "Being in your magazine is a victory thing. All that belly and salsa dancing has paid off. I work hard to look good." And the high-octane, 5-foot-7 Sooner continues to sound good. "I often fantasize about being bent over the hood of a muscle car by a strong man covered in grease from working on it," Apryl confesses, "with the motor running and my panties around my ankles. Once his hard tool enters me from behind, I want it hard and fast so I can feel my tits bounce against the smooth fender." —Photos by Husband

"I like anal sex. It's the naughtiest thing you can do!"

SUNSHINE

Donning HUSTLER garb and filling up her juicy vagina and its puckered neighbor with an ersatz penis is the unprudish pride of Prattville, Alabama. Sunshine, 20, works at a novelty store, digs roller-skating and horseback riding and "can't get enough sex." Providing more Southern hospitality than ever these days, the 5-foot-7 jezebel declares, "I recently found out I like double penetration, having a dick in my ass with one in my pussy too. Maybe it's the sensation of being all wide open or the stretching, but it feels *so* good. I try to do it at least once a day!" That Sunshine's ambition is "to be a porn star real soon" should come as no surprise. —Photos by Boyfriend

JESSICA

"I like your magazine," reveals Jessica, 24, a stay-at-home mom by way of Barryton, Michigan. "I just had to be in it!" And having something in *her* seems to be a no-brainer, at least when she's not handling chores or solving puzzles. "I'll do anything," boasts the 5-foot-5 "giving head" aficionada, who once "slept with two girls and two guys." Just for some shuteye? "No, we all fucked first!" —Photos by Boyfriend

"I want to have sex in public with my boyfriend and let anyone who watches us join in. I love a cock in my pussy and one in my ass! And, yes, the windows were open when these pictures were taken!"

ESTRELLA

Vacationing in Hawaii, this 19-year-old San Francisco treat didn't dare leave paradise behind (and isn't hers a beaut?) without cavorting au naturel. "I love taking funny pictures," Estrella chirps, "but I just had to pose naked. People say I look like porn star Belladonna, and I work in the clothing biz!" The 5-foot-5 newbie, who's "passionate and still straight," dreams about "having sex on the hood of a classic car." —Photos by Friend

LITTLE EVE

This busgirl and bicycling enthusiast from Edgerton, Wisconsin, turns 25 in April '08. Besides kindly peeling down to her birthday suit, Little Eve dishes out some invigorating scuttlebutt. "I'm straight and kinda freaky," the 5-footer fesses up. "I love being scratched, pain is a big turn-on, and my favorite thing is 69. I'm not into anal sex at all, but a finger is okay. Men seem to love my ass." And who can't love Little Eve's lascivious largesse. "My wildest sexual experience was with two guys," she fondly recalls. "I gave head to one while the other did me from behind!" The petite bride-to-be's biggest fantasy? "Having sex with another woman." —Photos by Fiancé

APRIL

This cheeky Clevelander, who made her nudie-mag debut in our Holiday '04 roundup, is back again as our second April candle-blower. She'll turn 31. Besides listing a trio of leisure-time kicks—"motorcycling, sunbathing and partying"—the 5-foot-8 Ohioan divulged, "I'll admit to masturbating, and doggy-style is my favorite position." We hope that by now April has fulfilled her ribald fantasy: "having sex with two girls while my husband watches." —Photos by Husband

Here comes yet another April b-day flasher with the same name as the Gregorian calendar's fourth month. "I enjoy shooting pool, and I also love to lay out in the sun nude during my spare time," discloses the 5-foot-3 denizen of Rossville, Georgia, who was born in '83 and works for a local insurance firm. "I'm very bisexual, wild and kinky. Double penetration is my favorite pleasure. I would like to be in a gang-bang video. I can't ever get enough cum!" —Photo by Husband

This "Dixie chick at heart" wasn't born in April. By way of Minnesota, the darling 6-footer hit 19 in November '07, the month she was *Real College Girls* eye candy. April and dozens of other amateurs are given expanded uncoverage in the latest BEST OF BEAVER HUNT, at newsstands now!

KARA BREE

"I feel hot, and I want everyone to see me," proclaims this 20-year-old stay-at-home mom from Gaylord, Michigan, whose biggest fantasy is "to be on the cover of BEST OF BEAVER HUNT." As for a hobby, Kara Bree reveals, "I consider myself an artist, and I'm now focusing on tattoos. It's neat. I love the vibration!" The 5-foot-8 neophyte is also keen on "racing anything that goes fast" and being amorously "straight, kinky, spontaneous, open-minded and playful." On that note, Kara Bree is most fond of doggy-style, and any place will do. "I love having sex outdoors," the foxy baredevil explains, "especially in and on cars." —Photos by Boyfriend

"I love to have sex while playing with myself. The feeling of rubbing your clit while riding your man is incredible!"

"People told me I should do this," chimes Victoria, 19, a cashier from Wataga, Illinois. "I hope this is a start for me." And when it's time for sex, the 5-foot-3 aspiring model—who's blessed with perky, 36C titties and a mighty fine ass—is definitely amenable to

good starts. Shucks, the cutie was on her high school's track team. "I'm straight, I do *everything*, and oral always comes first," Victoria confides. "I love that! I'm very dominant and curious." Still running to keep fit, the unbashful babe—who "gets turned on seeing girls in porn movies"—is now on the fast track to fulfill a simmering dream. "I want to be a porn star!" Victoria howls. —Photos by Boyfriend

VICTORIA

"I'd love to come home and find a sexy, naked girl sitting on my couch. I'd go down on her first because I've wanted to eat pussy for a long time. And I'd really love it if my boyfriend walked in and started pounding me from behind!"

EMILY CAMILLE

"My most powerful sexual fantasy is to star in an adult movie with my boyfriend and another bi woman!"

Catonsville, Maryland's Emily Camille, 37, is a secretary at a box store, and the 5-foot-8 newbie has a litany of sidelines. "I'm into dancing, swimming, collecting seashells, self-improvement, astrology, journaling and understanding the psychology of the mind," rattles off the 36D-cupper, who gets off on "gothic and fetish lifestyles, role-playing, bondage and sex." Coos the bi vixen, "With men I like missionary the most, but I'm agreeable to anal sometimes. I'm pretty kinky." —Photos by Friend

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

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VERONICA RAYNE

SHE MEANS BUSINESS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

I'm a little bit of a late bloomer when it comes to being a porn actress," reckons New England native **Veronica Rayne**. "I started doing movies in my late 20s after a stint as an exotic dancer in Arizona. My sexual appetite has always driven my choices in life, so in the back of my mind I guess I always knew I'd end up getting fucked in front of a camera. I started in 2005 and have done 60 or so films since then. Now that I do it, I can't imagine having any other job. It turns out that this is my true calling in life."

VERONICA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Newburyport, Massachusetts
AGE: 29
BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius
HEIGHT: 5-4

But **Veronica**'s hard-core fans don't get to see the rigors it entails. "Working out at the gym is something I do every day for at least two hours," she explains. "Look, I'm older now and really have to work at keeping my body tight and ready to screw. I know the young girls don't have to worry about it, but I sure do. Plus, since I also love rich food and fine wine, I have to be willing to sweat. I don't mind, though. I love being sweaty."

And we love the vixen's assessment of the Bush reign. "If I weren't in porn," **Veronica** reflects, "I would like to be in politics. I figure the people who are running this country are fucking it up so bad, how could I do any worse? Maybe Mary Carey could run for President, and I could be her running mate—or maybe chief of staff. That would make for a very sexy White House."

See ravenous **Veronica Rayne** mating in *Cream Pies Galore*, *HUSTLER'S Taboo #7*, *Desperate Housewhores #6* and *Pin Up Pussy* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

COMING NEXT MONTH

THE BCCI SCANDAL

The appalling truth of the world's greatest banking scam—an international operation involving U.S. Presidents, drug cartels, generals, Islamic terrorists and oil sheikhs—and how their greed cost taxpayers *$10 billion!*

REVEREND BILLY

Cut up those credit cards! Exorcise that evil cash register! Banish the demons of dollars from the temple of Wal-Mart! The "Reverend Billy"—star of the hit documentary *What Would Jesus Buy?*—pounds the pulpit for common sense. Plus, an interview with the film's producer, Morgan Spurlock, creator of the TV series *30 Days*.

GODSGIRLS

A dynamic Internet site packed with tattooed, pierced and breathtaking alt-porn pinups is making waves and lots of new friends. HUSTLER contributor K.K. Le Roque introduces you to some heavenly bodies.

FROM SEX STAR TO THE MORGUE

Insider Scott Fayner recalls Haley Paige, a barely legal girl-next-door who catapulted to XXX-video stardom, then nose-dived into drugs and death thanks to the exploitation of her sleazeball pimp husband.

IN DEBT WE TRUST

Danny Schechter delivers jaw-dropping revelations about how the financial industry systematically picks your pocket—and how it is turning U.S. workers into wage slaves.

CARTOONIST TERRY REDKNAPP

Prepare to spit coffee across your keyboard as we profile HUSTLER's own Terry Redknapp and showcase a sampling of his signature 'toons.

EARTHQUAKE: "WHOLE LOT OF SHAKIN' GOING ON"

Massively funny and hugely humorous, the big man called Earthquake hits 8.5 on the ribald Richter scale in a freewheeling conversation with HUSTLER's Keith Valcourt. Wanna hear why Howard Stern's favorite new comic would prefer fucking Condi Rice to eating buffet at a strip club? So do we!

TORI BLACK

The May '08 HUSTLER goes on sale March 5, 2008. Visit our Web site at HustlerWorld.com.